
T H E
CRITICAL REVIEW.

For the Month of *July*, 1763.

ARTICLE I.

*An Enquiry into the Nature and Tendency of Criticism, with regard to
the Progress of Literature. Part III.*

Nature and Art, united, must conspire,

“ To teach the World, with Reason, to admire.”

IN my last essay on this interesting subject *, I proposed, as a preliminary, to trace the rise, progress, and gradual improvements of literature, arts, sciences, &c. and brought down this historical account to that æra in which Aristotle appeared: That celebrated philosopher fully proved, that an able critic must have a clear and *logical* head; to enter into the true meaning and sentiment of a composition, and to *peruse* a work,

“ With the same spirit that the author writ.”

Aristotle, who was an excellent *critic*, was also one of the best *logicians* in the world; and, indeed, that critic makes but a mean figure, who, when he hath discovered the excellencies of a performance, contents himself in offering them to the world with only *empty* exclamations on their beauties;—his office is to *explain* the *nature* of those beauties,—*trace* the *secret springs*,—*develop* the *causes* from whence they arise,—and *display* the *effects*, which they produce; or (in the expressive phrase of the renowned poet above-quoted;—)

“ To teach the world, with reason, to admire.”

The true critic will enter into the distinguishing perfections,—the *specific* qualities of the author whom he peruses; he will point out the *peculiar* excellencies of *each* writer;—admire Livy’s beautiful *narration*;—Sallust’s diving into those *internal* princi-

* See Critical Review for March last, page 161—167.

ples of action, which arise from the characters and manners of the persons he describes ;—Tacitus displaying those *external* motives of safety and interest which give birth to the whole series of transactions that he relates. This exquisite *taste*, which *relishes* the perfections of a writer, is fully exemplified in Mr. Pope's admirable *Essay on Criticism*. There the profound science and logical method of Aristotle is elegantly contrasted with the *unaffected* ease and native *simplicity* of Horace ;—the *study* and refinement of Dionysius opposed to the *gay* and courtly *ease* of Petronius—the *gravity* and *minuteness* of Quintilian's free and copious instruction, to the *vivacity* and *general* topics—the great and noble *spirit* of Longinus. This poem is an instance of the *true* spirit of criticism, and places the author on an equal rank, in the temple of Fame, with Aristotle and Longinus (the pride of Greece) Quintilian and Horace (the boast of Rome), Boileau and Dacier (the ornaments of France). This critical skill and accurate penetration *paints* the peculiar beauties of each writer, in their just and *proper* colours.—The sublime of Plato and the humour of Menander (first united in Lucian, and afterwards in Addison ;)—the irresistible greatness, energy, and sublimity of Homer,—the serene majesty, melody, and pathos of Virgil,—the tenderness of Sappho and Tibullus,—the elegance and propriety of Terence ;—in a word, the fluent eloquence of Tully,—the animating fire of Demosthenes, and the *peculiar* beauties of *each* eminent writer (in the respective branches of useful and polite literature) are *all* analyzed and set forth to the best advantage, by the penetrating skill and acute discernment of an able critic.—Who discovered the inimitable beauties of Milton's *Paradise Lost* till opened, unfolded, and disclosed by the masterly pen of the ingenious Addison ?—Till he displayed those excellencies with all the powers of critical acumen,—illustrated the most remarkable passages,—such as are distinguished by their sublimity and elevation,—such as are admirable for their propriety,—or raised by the dignity of the language,—or peculiar for energy and strong reasoning.—These beauties lay dormant, latent, and concealed (till investigated and opened by *his* able pen), so that *this* island did not set a just *value* on such “ a burning and shining light,”—for impartiality must own, that tho' the British nation hath produced the *greatest* men in *every* profession, yet it could *not*, before the appearance of Milton, enter into any competition with regard to the *sublime* excellencies of poetry.—Greece could boast an Euripides,—Æschylus,—Sophocles, and Sappho ;—England was proud of her Shakespear, Spenser, Johnson, and Fletcher,—but then the *antients* had still a *poet*, in reserve, *superiour* to the rest,—who stood *unrivall'd* by *all* succeeding ages ; and in *epic* poetry, (which is justly esteemed the *highest* effort of genius)

nius) Homer had no rival.—When Milton appeared, the pride of Greece was humbled,—the competition became more equal; and *Paradise Lost* set *this* island on a level with boasted antiquity: neither need it yield the palm to *any* state antient or modern. Let *this* fact be ever remembered to the honour of *true* criticism, which certainly never exerted its spirit *more* laudably, than in immortalizing the name of *such* a writer.—From hence it evidently appears that the end of *true* criticism is to regulate taste;—and that the cause of literature derives the most signal service from its judicious direction. This will be fully proved in the course of my literary history, with which I shall now proceed.—A little after the appearance of Aristotle, (whose logical and moral works were incomparable), the belles letters exerted *some* efforts towards a revival of their antient spirit.—The politer arts of poetry and rhetoric accompanied a study of the *abstruse* sciences.—The illustrious character of Grossetest, bishop of Lincoln, reflects particular honour on *this* epocha.—*Himself* eminently distinguished for extraordinary natural talents, and acquir'd abilities,—he *patronized* literary merit wherever it appeared.—His excellent precepts and example contributed to improve the rising genius of the unrivalled Roger Bacon, who may justly be looked upon as the greatest ornament of the age in which he lived, and whose memory will ever be revered by the republic of letters.—*This* respectable personage is a striking proof of the amazing dignity and power of human nature;—he rose superior to the popular prejudices,—and extricated himself from the almost *universal* superstition;—he was as a “*light* shining in a *dark* place,”—and his uncommon abilities would not have disgraced an age, that had even attained to the most *refined* taste of literary perfection. Certainly the republic of letters owes great obligations to those ingenious biographers, who have transmitted to posterity an ample account of so illustrious a personage, and so eminent a writer.

At the accession of Edward I. [1272] who was *himself* a prince of superior understanding, some regulations were made in civil and religious policy, which tended to open and enlarge the mind, and remove those contracted views, which are the greatest obstacles to every species of intellectual improvement.—The pusillanimous reign of his successor [1307] produced very little advancement of literary knowledge; but the prospect begins to brighten a little, on the accession of Edward III. [1327], who was a monarch possessed of considerable abilities; and, as the *freedom* of our constitution continued to gain ground in the succeeding reigns, a taste for *literature* diffused itself thro' this island, in proportion as the spirit of *liberty* increased. This is certain, (and the testimony of antient and modern *history* con-

firms it) that *arbitrary* government and a vitiated taste join hand in hand. Despotic tyranny is equally destructive to the interests of learning and liberal pursuits as superstition and enthusiasm, e. g. with regard to Greece ;—the vigorous genius,—refined taste, and solid understanding of that people might, in a great measure, be imputed to the *freedom* of their several constitutions,—and certainly the most inveterate *enemy* to *criticism* cannot affirm, that the labours of Aristotle or Longinus tended to cast a damp upon this spirit of *literature*. The *true* cause of the decline of polite erudition, in the respective states and empires was (*not* the introduction and advancement of *criticism*, as *some* have affected to imagine, but) the *loss* of *freedom*. This was the real cause why science drooped ;—*liberty* was suppressed,—and with it, languished every noble and generous sentiment.—Terence,—Lucretius,—Sallust,—Virgil,—Catullus,—Horace,—Livy,—Ovid,—Propertius,—Tibullus,—Cicero,—and Cæsar, flourished *antecedent* to the *despotism* of Augustus.——Corneille, Moliere, Bossuet, Poussin, Rochefoucault, and Le Brun, all shone in the French nation, at the æra of *liberty*, *before* the administration of Richlieu had established an *arbitrary* government. At what æra did *critical* knowledge attain to a *higher* degree of perfection, than in the time of Ptolomy Philadelphus,—yet notwithstanding this, did not the extraordinary abilities of Lycophron and other cotemporary geniuses shine forth with distinguished lustre, and adorn that period ;—let it *not* then be affirmed (at least, let it *not* be asserted by a *writer justly admired* *) that—“ in *no* polished nation, after *criticism* hath been much studied, and the rules of writing established, hath any extraordinary work ever appeared.”—This proposition will be more fully confuted in the course of this *literary history*, than by *speculative reasoning*.

I shall therefore resume the chronological view of the state of literature, as I proposed.—In the æra before mentioned, the abilities of William of Wickham refined the taste for eloquence,—and the learning of Wickliffe, (amongst others) reflects some share of honour on *this* æra, though it must be acknowledged the reign of Richard II. [1398] did not produce a set of writers equal in point of genius to those who flourished in the *preceding* æra. Natural philosophy declined,—and some circumstances unhappily concurred to cast a damp upon the laudable pursuit of intellectual pleasures. The powers of the human mind seemed to lie dormant for some time, though Chaucer and Gower (as *poets*) may justly be ranked amongst those whose names deserve to be rescued from oblivion ; and though they existed in the dawn of taste and literature, yet they composed *some* pieces,

* See Mr. Warton's Essay on the genius and writings of Mr. Pope.

not unworthy of a more refined æra.—A genius for history (that useful, entertaining, and improving branch of polite erudition) visibly *declined*. Theological literature, and philosophical enquiries, were most successfully cultivated by the ingenious and learned Wickliffe above-mentioned; who was, in *every* respect, the greatest ornament of the age in which he lived, and seemed to entertain the most rational ideas of the true principles of religion. The proficiency made in literary improvements, under this reign, (Edward III.) proves it to have been cherished by the radiant beam of royal patronage, and flourished under that benign influence. William of Wickham not only countenanced learning, but also patronized and encouraged it by his extraordinary munificence, of which Winchester College, and New College in Oxford, bears ample testimony——Institutions worthy of that illustrious prelate, and which tended to animate the succeeding age with a just and laudable spirit of emulation, to which we may attribute the excellent seminaries of learning established by Henry Chicheley.—William of Wainfleet, and K. Henry VI.—But I must defer to a *future* essay the *subsequent* part of this literary history, which, as it approaches nearer to *our own times*, I can expatiate on with more pleasure; though it must be owned, that the rise, progress, and gradual improvements of the arts, sciences, and belles lettres are, *at all times*, curious objects of contemplation. I cannot close *this* essay without *one* pleasing reflection;—that *this happy island* is a full proof that *liberty, taste, and a spirit of literature* are closely connected.—It is *freedom* that animates—it is *liberty* that inspires—it is a *patriotic* ardour that excites the active mind to intellectual pursuits. Let the votaries of atheism and enthusiasm “scatter their firebrands, arrows, and death,” so long as there flows from *the same* channel, (by *the same* inestimable privilege) the masterly and excellent productions of a Warburton, an Atterbury, a Sherlock, and a Lyttleton!—*Liberty* is that noble flame, by which *all* the refined arts must be cherished and enlivened.—To this we may justly impute the rapid progress, which *this* island hath made in *every* branch of polite erudition; so that, in viewing the literary republic, we may apply the *metaphor* of the prophet;—“*Before* us is as the garden of Eden, and *behind* us a desolate wilderness.”——“Non tamen pigebet vel incondita, ac rudi voce, memoriam *prioris* servitutis, ac testimonium *præsentium* bonorum, composuisse.” Tacit. Agricola.

Ackworth, nigh Ferrybridge,
Yorkshire, June 11, 1763.

EDW. WATKINSON.

ART. II. *The Effusions of Friendship and Fancy. In several Letters to and from select Friends. In two Vols. 12mo. Pr. 5s. Becket and De Hondt..*

WE scarce ever remember to have seen a book more answerable to its title than that which is under our present consideration. Mr. Langhorn's agreeable letters are the real *effusions of friendship and fancy*, written from the heart, without pedantry or affectation: the reader will meet in them with what Pope calls

The feast of reason, and the flow of soul:

an agreeable mixture of the grave and gay, the observations of solid sense, and the sprightly sallies of easy humour, many of them on the most important, and all on agreeable subjects. If the author, now and then, descends to the mere *bagatelle*, he trifles so agreeably, that we cannot be angry with him. The letters before us have withal this striking and peculiar beauty in every one of them, a spirit of goodness, and benevolence that recommends the writer to us as an honest and upright man. As some of them are serious and severe, others humorous and ironical, we will give our readers a specimen of each.

The sixth letter, in the first volume, which is of the serious kind, contains some very just and sensible observations. 'How far (says Mr. Langhorn) a wise man ought to be affected by the opinion of others, is an important question. It concerns the happiness of you and me, and every man; and I thank you for calling upon me to consider it.

' I have considered it, and conclude that we ought not to be affected by the opinions of any but wise and good men; and even by theirs, only so far as they evidently coincide with truth and our own conscience.

' By this rule we shall reduce our censors to a very small number; for take mankind in the gross, and that two thirds of them will come under the denomination of fools or knaves, is beyond a doubt. What opinion either of these may form of us, it is, certainly, never worth our while to know. A fool cannot form any abstract idea of your character, and a knave will never entertain a just one. The first cannot trace an action to its principle, and the latter will assign to the principle the complexion of his own. To be under any concern, therefore, what sentiments these may entertain of us, would be to partake of the folly of the fool, and to give force to the malignity of the knave.

' But

‘ But if we fall under the censure of wise and good men, we ought to make a severe scrutiny into that part of our conduct, which has drawn upon us their displeasure. Such men never censure without cause, and though they may be mistaken, yet, even in that case, we should endeavour to justify our conduct as well to them as to ourselves. Happy is the man who has a wise, an honest, and a candid friend, who will not scruple to point out to him the defect, which lies too near his own eye to be seen. O for such a friend! How should I rejoice in his correction!

‘ Thus far should every man be affected by censure, as to his moral and social character. And now I know you will expect that I should observe how far an author ought to be concerned by it, as it may affect his literary reputation.

‘ In this case the same rule may be observed as in the other. Consider your critics. Only in this case your censors will be much fewer, for instead of admitting the opinions of a third part of mankind, not one in a thousand should have the least weight with you. Not one in a thousand is capable of judging of the works of imagination at all, and of the finer efforts of that faculty, such as abstracted poetry, &c. not one in ten thousand can form any adequate idea. How few, then, are those of whose praise the poet need be ambitious! How few whose censure he need regard! For my part, I assure you, I think it sufficient to number among those who are not displeased with my works, a few great names; and as to the sightless multitude, I would not give a fig for its collective praise.

‘ The thirst of universal applause must be a very troublesome sensation, and yet we very often find it to be the *infirmity of noble minds*, which we see misled by false delicacy and haunted by the chimæra of vulgar opinion. What ridiculous, what romantic actions have been derived from this source! What fools and madmen, what *Buckinghams* and *Whartons* has it made!

‘ I will not now extend these thoughts, because you will find them sufficiently enlarged upon in *the history of Philip duke of Wharton*, which some materials in my possession may possibly induce me to write.’

The duke of Wharton’s life by so able a hand as Mr. Langhorn, will, we doubt not, be well received by the public. The thirteenth letter on *quotations*, a ridiculous custom which so many amongst the *literati* are so extremely fond of, is, in our opinions, an excellent one. It is as follows:

‘ Why, in the name of common sense, will you stuff your letters with quotations? Is it to shew your learning? I know you are learned. Is it to imitate Voiture? Voiture was a pedant. At least it was the pedantic custom of his time to tag

borrowed sentiments; and the letter writing gentlemen were as proud of exhibiting verses from Homer and Virgil, as a school-boy after Christmas, of repeating *Propria quæ maribus*. I grant you that to quote a verse occasionally from an ancient or a modern author, may serve to illustrate or embellish your thought; but where is the merit of making a parade of it? Does it lie in the difficulty? There is no difficulty in it, as you shall soon be convinced, for you shall find, sir, that I too could quote,

————— ‘O gods! how I could quote!

Peace *then* with your *babbling*! and hear me complain,

No—————

“I’ll wipe away all trivial fond records.”

‘But will you come to see me? No—————

“Business must be dispatch’d e’re thou can’st go;

Nor can’st thou stir, unless there be

An hundred horse and men to wait on thee,

And many a mule and many a cart;

What an unwieldy man thou art!”

‘Indeed I am very dull without you, notwithstanding the gay season is approaching.

“Omnia nunc rident, at si formosus Alexis

Abeat his montibus, videas et flumina sicca.

When thou art from me every place is desert,

And I methinks am savage and forlorn.

The tedious hours move heavily away,

And each long minute seems a lazy day.”

‘But the case is very different with me when I enjoy your company, my friend! and I may say with Dryden,

“Winds murmur’d thro’ the leaves your short delay,

And fountains o’er their pebbles chide your stay.

But, with your presence cheer’d, they cease to mourn,

And walks wear fresher greens at your return.”

‘I am sorry to hear that Mrs. ——— behaves so strangely on her son’s marriage, but one may ask in the words of Virgil,

“Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?

Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.”

‘Yet she might have been warned by many unhappy examples of her conduct,

“Now ponder well ye parents dear, &c.”

‘But

‘ But mothers-in-law seldom consider any thing except their own interest; and Ovid’s observation is too often true.

“ Lurida terribiles miscent aconita novercæ.”

‘ It is strange that those who have children by a first marriage, should venture on a second, for marriage is always a lottery: Not that

————— “ I would blemish all the fair,
But yet, if some be bad, ’tis wisdom to beware;
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the snare.” }

‘ I should be glad if you would tell me what the world is doing now and then. We hear nothing in this solitary part,

“ Save when arrives the *weekly* caravan
With news of human kind.”

‘ But the master of the caravan is now dead, and we are very badly off. Poor wight!

————— “ He did most plainly prove,
He could no longer live, than he could move.”

‘ However, I am glad to hear that he will be succeeded by his son.

“ O fortunate puer! Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.”

‘ Mrs. ——— is gone to Bath, but in my opinion

“ Ægrotat animo magis quam corpore.”

‘ I am perfectly well at present, not even a head-ach to complain of!

“ Mens sana in corpore sano.”

‘ Adieu! one quotation more, and then,

“ Vale memor nostri!”

The following short ironical letter on the poverty of the inferior clergy has a good deal of humour in it.

‘ You think that the provision which falls to the lot of the younger clergy is inadequate to their station, and consequently an improper one. I am of a different opinion: For, is it not the duty of a young clergyman, to *fast* as well as to pray? And would you draw him into temptation by putting it in his power to eat? Surely this is inconsistent with your usual wisdom and benevolence. Moreover you know very well, that, agreeably to his apostolic character, he ought not to *take more than one coat*, and would you enable him to be possessed of two? I grant you that,

that, if his mission be in a country which is troublesome to the traveller, he may be indulged with one pair of shoes, and be furnished with ends and awls for the laudable purpose of repairing them. Dr. Young was unreasonable when he wished for

“ Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,”

if he meant to be possessed of two pair of shoes ; but if his wishes extended only to a little oil, or goose-grease, to anoint his only pair on Saturday night, perhaps he might be indulged.

‘ I own that, in this age of intemperance, it edifieth me much to see so many of my brethren precluded from all temptation to luxury : happily, *now*, the necessaries of food and raiment are risen to such a price, that an ordinary curate will find enough to do to keep his corporal tenement in repair, though he should frequently lend a hand to it himself. For this purpose, I think that canon ought to be set aside, which forbiddeth manual labour to my brethren. The wise Alfred commanded his clergy to learn some mechanic art. Why should they not now ? Would not this be much better than what you recommend, to have their stipends raised ? What would that do but encourage idleness and luxury ? I think a curate might decently follow any occupation except those of the baker and the miller. Those perhaps might alter the complexion of his dress too much : But he might very well exercise the domestic trades of a taylor, or a weaver, or a shoe-maker ; or the humbler art of a cobbler, and so mend the understandings of his parishioners in a double capacity. He might keep a drug shop, and administer as well to their bodily as to their spiritual maladies ; or a barber’s shop, and, by the operations of Saturday night, make them fit to appear before him on Sunday.

‘ But I think that such curates only as have families should be permitted to practise these trades : a single man, if he is industrious, may yet do without them. I know a curate of a neighbouring parish, who looks well, dines once a year, at Christmas time, with the squire, and keeps himself in decent repair, by an industrious use of the following implements, viz. two darning needles, one of a large size for grey stockings, and another, smaller, for black, being possessed of two pair ; a small clue of strong brown thread, with a proper sized needle for coat, waistcoat, and breeches ; and an awl, an end and a piece of rosin for his shoes ; with all which his benevolent parishioners, according to their respective trades, have supplied him gratis.’

Our author’s observations on the *study of poetry*, in several letters, make up the greatest part of the second volume, and are written with taste and judgement. The criticisms are indeed such as one would expect from a proficient in the art. Mr.
Lang-

Langhorn's merit as a poet is already known by some former productions. The ode to Plutus, the hymn to Indifference, with some other verses occasionally introduced in these letters, are not unworthy of him.

ART. III. *The Letters that passed between Theodosius and Constantia; after she had taken the Veil. Now first published from the Original Manuscripts. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Becket and De Hondt.*

THE ingenious author of the Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, having, in those agreeable letters, recommended himself to us in the character of a sprightly and entertaining correspondent, a warm friend, and a judicious critic, to rise still higher in our esteem, assumes in the work now before us a nobler form, and appears in the light of an excellent moralist and a pious christian. Mr. Addison, in his story of Theodosius and Constantia * (the circumstances of which are too well known to our readers to stand in need of any recapitulation of them) acquaints us, that, after the retirement of the two lovers into two separate convents, several letters passed between them, *which are still extant in the nunnery where she resided, and are often read to the young religious, to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue.* On this hint Mr. Langhorn has founded his literary correspondence between Father Francis and his nun, wherein he has taken occasion, agreeably to the characters concerned, to give us his opinion in some matters of the highest consequence and importance with regard both to our present and future welfare. The doctrine of grace, the duty of prayer, the advantages of humility, the certainty of a superintendant Providence, the fatal mistakes of fanatics and enthusiasts, grief for the death of friends, and other serious topics, are here discussed with great dignity of sentiment and elegance of diction. From the manner in which our author has ranged his thoughts on these subjects, we are inclined to think, that some part of these letters have been already delivered from the pulpit, and that the Reverend writer has diminished his stock of sermons in complaisance to the public; be that, however, as it may, the public is much obliged to him for his instructions.

The passages in these letters which are designed to expose the intemperate zeal of our modern fanatics, may be considered as a proper supplement to a very ingenious performance, lately published by the same author, intituled, *Letters on religious*

* See the Spectator, N^o. 164.

Retirement, Melancholy and Enthusiam, of which we have already given an account, as will appear by the following extract.

‘ Wonder not if I tell you, that all your passions should not be absorbed in heaven. Rational devotion is not founded in the glowing ardours of human sensibility ; the more it partakes of these, the more remote it will be from that spiritual and intellectual worship which is paid to the father of lights by superior natures. The adoration of passion is blind and impulsive ; that of reason is clear and intelligent. By this worship the Deity is rationally honoured, by that he is implicitly adored.

‘ For these reasons, Constantia, I would not recommend to you those books of flaming devotion, which, while they kindle the heart, confuse the head, and turn sober piety into wild enthusiasm. If the authors of such books meant to serve religion, they were mistaken ; for true piety differs as much from such enthusiastic ravings, as the chearful temper of serene health from the delirious wildness of a fever. *God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.* Whatever is spiritual is dispassionate. Such is God himself, and such ought to be the worship we offer him.’

‘ When once the heart gives itself up to blind fanaticism, we cannot tell to what attempts it may be seduced, or where the influences of unrestrained, and (what will almost always be the consequence) of misdirected passions may lead us.—When the imagination triumphs over reason, the œconomy of the mind is destroyed ; and confusion, with insanity in her rear, approaches, and usurps the empire of the soul.

‘ May every ministring spirit of heaven guard the peace of my Constantia ! May her piety be uniformly rational and calm ! May the incense of her devotion rise from the altar of reason, the voluntary sacrifice of gratitude ! May she ever *know whom she worships*, and remember that an intellectual Being requireth an intellectual adoration ! In every act of worship, and in every point of duty, may she be constantly supported and directed by the pure and peaceable Spirit of truth ! By that Spirit may she be enlightened to discern those finer relations that exist between the Creator and the creature, undistinguished by the eye of human intelligence, and learn from thence not only what is due, but what is acceptable to God. Under every circumstance of life may she be happy in ease, or contented in resignation ; and when the short thread of life is spun, when she enters upon the inheritance of immortality, may she receive the fulness of those blessings which INFINITE BENEVOLENCE has in reserve for those that honour him.’

What

What Mr. Langhorne has in these letters observed, concerning prayer, is extremely just and sensible, more particularly where he affirms with the greatest truth, that 'with regard to the spirit and manner wherewith we ought to approach the eternal Providence, we cannot be too attentive to so important a circumstance. We should endeavour, as much as possible, to be serene and recollected. Before we address that Almighty Being, we should meditate a moment on his sublime perfections, and fill our minds with the idea of his glorious attributes. But rather let us contemplate him in his benevolent, than in his juridical capacity. We ought indeed never to be without the idea of the latter, but the first should always have the leading influence on our minds. Our heavenly Father treateth us not as servants, but as sons; our acts of obedience, therefore, to him should be purely filial.'

'How brief,' (says Mr. Langhorne, in the character of Theodosius) 'is that temporary form of prayer which our Saviour taught his disciples! Does that form contain one superfluous word, or one mere collateral or unimportant thought? Is the imagination indulged in vain descriptions, or are the passions roused to eager imprecations? As if the divine author of it had foreseen the idle prolixity of those ranting prayers which should be used in future ages of the church, he has in the above mentioned form been remarkably concise. There is not, perhaps, in any language, an instance of composition where so much is expressed in so few words.'

The reader will find more on this important subject in the ninth letter, written with equal truth and judgment.

The best letter in this collection is perhaps the eleventh. As it is not a very long one, we shall give the whole of it to our readers.

Theodosius to Constantia.

'Amiable tenderness! Dear Constantia! set your heart at ease. Exert your reason; tax your fortitude; call forth the nobler faculties of your mind, and charge them to assert their empire over the wayward passions.'

'While we are in this state of being, we *must* encounter difficulties, and struggle with uneasiness. The heart will often be dissatisfied we know not why, and reason will stand an idle spectator, as if unconscious of its power. In such cases it ought to be awakened from its lethargy, and reminded of the task to which it is appointed. It should be informed of the high office it bears in the oeconomy of the soul, and be made acquainted with the insidious vigilance of its enemies.'

'Eut

‘ But while we languish under the uneasiness of discontent, we cannot take a more effectual method to recover our peace, than to consider the insignificance of every passion that centers, and pursuit that terminates here. Suppose our earthly aims were directed to their object by the favouring gale of fortune; suppose our pursuits should be crowned with all the success that flattering hope assigns them, yet—vain, changeable, and impotent as we are, the success would not be worth a moment’s triumph. While the heart turns upon an earthly axis, like the perishable ball that it loves, it will be variously affected by outward influences. Sometimes it will bear the fruits of gladness, and sometimes be the barren desert of melancholy; one while it will be exhilarated by the sunshine of pleasure, and again it will languish in the gloom of discontent. The cause of this is, not only that the human heart is in itself changeable and uncertain, deriving its sensations from constitutional influences, but that the objects, if they are earthly objects, on which it depends for happiness, are liable to variation and decay.

‘ Hence arises the superiority of religious views. When our hopes of happiness are fixed on one certain event; one event which, though remote, cannot be altered by mortal contingencies, the heart has an invariable foundation whereon it may rest. Without this resting place, we should be *tossed to and fro with every wind* of fortune, the sport of chance, and the dupes of expectation. To this immoveable anchor of the soul religion directs us in the hopes of immortality. We know from the unerring word of divine revelation that we shall exist in another state of being, after the dissolution of this; and we are confirmed by every benevolent purpose of providence in the belief that our future existence shall be infinitely happy. In this glorious hope the interests of a temporary life are swallowed up and lost. This hope, like the serpent of Moses, devours the mock-phantoms which are created by the magic of this world; and at once shews the vanity of every earthly pursuit.

‘ Compared with this prospect, my Constantia, how poor, how barren, would every scene of mortal happiness appear! How despicable at the best—yet how liable to be destroyed by every storm of adversity! For, are we not exposed to a thousand accidents, the most trifling of which may be sufficient to break a scheme of felicity? Let us consider those conditions that are almost universally desired, the dignity of the great, and the affluence of the rich. Are these above the reach of misfortune? Are they exempt from the importunities of care? Greatness is but the object of impertinence and envy, and riches create more wants than they are able to gratify. Should then our wishes
lead

lead to these, we should unavoidably be disappointed. The acquisition might for a while sooth our vanity, but we should soon sigh for the ease of obscurity, and envy the content of those whom pride would call our vassals.

‘ If wealth or grandeur then cannot afford us happiness, where shall we seek it? Is it to be found in the cell of the hermit? or does it watch by the taper of solitary learning? Loves it the society of laughing mirth? or does it affect the pensive pleasures of meditation? Is it only genuine in the cordiality of friendship, or in the lasting tenderness of married love? Alas! my Constantia, this train of alternatives will not do. Should we fly from the troubles of society to some lonely hermitage, we should soon sigh for the amusements of the world we had quarrelled with. The strongest mind could not long support the burthen of uncommunicated thought, and the firmest heart would languish in the stagnation of melancholy.

‘ Ask the solitary scholar, if ever, in his learned researches, he beheld the retreat of happiness—Amusement is all that he will pretend to—Amusement! in quest of which the active powers of the mind are frequently worn out, the understanding enervated by the assiduity of attention, and the memory over-burthened with unessential ideas.

‘ Yet, possibly, happiness may mingle with society, and swell the acclamations of festive mirth. No—the joy that dwells there cannot be called happiness; for the noise of mirth will vanish with the echo of the evening, and *even in laughter the heart is sad*. If we are able to distinguish the elegance of conversation, we shall often be disgusted with the arrogance of pride, or the impertinence of folly; and if not, we may be amused indeed with the noise, but can never taste the pleasures of society.

‘ As little reason have we to hope for lasting happiness from the engagements of friendship, or of love. The condition of human life is at best so uncertain, that it is even dangerous to form any connections that are dear. The tenderness of love, my Constantia, opens the heart to many sufferings, to many painful apprehensions for the health and safety of its object, and many uneasy sensations both from real and imaginary causes. It was from this conviction I told you, in the letter wherein I first discovered myself to you, “that the love we had for one-another will make us more happy in its disappointment, than it could have done in its success.”

‘ For want of a better remedy to these evils, the wisdom of ancient philosophy teacheth us to bid a brave defiance to the assaults of pleasure and of pain. This precept it urges with unremitting austerity; without making any allowance for particular

cular tempers or circumstances; without instructing us how to behave to the solicitations of joy or pleasure; how to defend the heart from the inroads of sorrow, or to guard against the unseen stratagems of distress.

‘But the religion of a Christian affords a nobler and a safer refuge. With the exalted hopes that this presents to us, *the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared*. In those glorious hopes let us bury every anxious thought, the uneasiness of discontent, and the solicitude of care. Let us not sink under our light afflictions, which are but for a moment. A very few years, perhaps a few months or days, may bring us into that state of being, where care and misery perplex no more. *Though we have now our bed in darkness, and our pillow on the thorn*, yet the time draweth nigh when we shall taste of life without anguish, and enjoy the light without bitterness of soul. *The night is far spent, my Constantia, the day is at hand; let us therefore gird up the loins of our mind, and be sober*—no longer dissipated, or disturbed with the troubles of this world. We are hourly hastening to that scene of existence, *where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest*; where hope shall no more be pained with disappointment, and where the distresses of time are forgot in the joys of eternity.

‘FRANCIS.’

Our readers will perceive by the above quotations, that these letters are both entertaining and instructive; we heartily congratulate Mr. Langhorne on his success in this species of writing, for which his excellent talents seem peculiarly adapted.

ART. IV. *Jerusalem delivered; An Heroic Poem: Translated from the Italian of Torquato Tasso, by John Hoole. In two Vols. 8vo. Pr. 12s. Doddsley.*

ABout a century ago, the translator of an epic poem has been often known to divide fame with the poet. The appearance of such a translation would then have thrown the whole republic of letters into a ferment, all ready either to expose its defects, or compliment its arrival. At present the state of letters is very different; we have of late seen many translations of merit treated with utter neglect, appearing without praise, and sinking without censure.

Under these disadvantages attending translations in general, it must surely have been an hardy undertaking to fall upon so difficult a performance as that of Tasso in particular. The length of a poem consisting of fourteen or fifteen thousand lines would

would have been an insurmountable objection to some; and that peculiar merit which it derives from the happiness of expression rather than the strength of sentiment might still more deter others. It was probably upon this account that while we have had so many entire translations of other less celebrated poets, we have hitherto had but one of Tasso, namely, that which was done by Fairfax. This was written at a time when our language was forming, and before it was yet decided, which was the true measure of English heroic verse. The style is antiquated, and the stanza unharmonious; it is therefore now consulted rather from motives of curiosity than amusement, and such as have assiduity enough to read it through may perhaps with as little trouble become capable of understanding the original.

Since that appeared we have had many detached parts of this poet turned into English; but no person till now has had abilities or perseverance to go through the whole. Their endeavours rather raised our wishes than satisfied our curiosity. The present translator, Mr. Hoole, has therefore the merit of at last having accomplished a very difficult undertaking, which Fairfax's diminishing reputation, and Tasso's encreasing fame, has long rendered desirable.

Tasso's stanza has often been objected to him as a blemish, being a movement utterly incompatible with the dignity of the epic muse; and in which the sense, by being confined to a set number of lines, often becomes too diffuse, or too short. His modern translator has therefore judiciously avoided this defect, and sunk the Italian stanza into our heroic verse. It is remarkable enough, however, that he is often more faithful to his original than Fairfax.

But being exact to his original is by no means the translator's only merit, and though now and then a weak verse or a bad rhyme may occur, yet if we consider the extent of such an undertaking, we must not be offended, especially as in these respects he has but too often the sanction of similar defects in the original to palliate his own. Yet, upon some occasions, he departs from his original, when it is likely to lead him into erroneous imitation. When the Italian poet is too diffuse, and sports in trifling repetition, the translator ventures to compress his sense, and thus strikes the thought with a bolder impression.

Yet we should not attempt a parallel, nor, to raise the present work, undervalue any beauties in the original, which no translation can exceed, and which the most aspiring must only wish to illustrate. Tasso was ever the favourite of those who judged not by rule but by their feelings. Gay, luxuriant, and various, he leads us through the whole circle of imagination.

From the field of slaughter to the shepherd's peaceful cottage, from the enchanter's cave to gardens of unending beauty, from the placid dreams of the holy to the broken slumbers of the wicked, from the councils of heaven to the turbulent debates of hell. To explain the story of Tasso would be utterly superfluous: a specimen or two of the translation will serve. Erminia, a Mahometan princess, being in love with Tancred, disguises herself in armour, and resolves to ride out of the besieged city by night, to visit her lover; but falling in with an advanced guard of Christian soldiers, she is obliged to fly, and loses herself in a forest,

‘ Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,
And thro’ her veins a chilling terror glides.
By winding paths her courser took his flight,
And bore at length the virgin far from sight.
‘ As, after long and toilsome chace in vain,
The panting dogs unwilling quit the plain,
If chance the game their eager search elude,
Conceal’d in shelter of the fav’ring wood:
So to the camp the Christian knights return,
While rage and shame in ev’ry visage burn.
Still flies the damsel, to her fears resign’d,
Nor dares to cast a transient look behind.
All night she fled, and all th’ ensuing day,
(Her tears and sighs companions of her way)
But when bright Phœbus from his golden wain
Had loos’d his steeds and sunk beneath the main;
To sacred Jordan’s crystal flood she came,
There stay’d her course, and rested near his stream.
No nourishment her fainting strength renew’d,
Her woes and tears supply’d the place of food.
But sleep, who with oblivious hand can close
Unhappy mortals’ eyes in soft repose,
To ease her grief, his gentle tribute brings,
And o’er the virgin spreads his downy wings:
Yet love still breaks her peace with mournful themes,
And haunts her slumbers with distracting dreams.
She sleeps, ’till, joyful at the day’s return,
The feather’d choirs salute the break of morn;
’Till rising Zephyrs whisper thro’ the bow’rs,
Sport with the ruffled stream and painted flow’rs:
Then opes her languid eyes, and views around
The shepherds’ cots amid the sylvan ground:
When, ’twixt the river and the wood, she hears
A sound, that calls again her sighs and tears.

But soon her plaints are stopp'd by vocal strains,
 Mix'd with the rural pipes of shepherd swains :
 She rose, and saw, beneath the shady grove,
 An aged fire that ozier baskets wove ;
 His flocks beside him graz'd the meads along,
 His sons around him, tun'd their rustic song.

' Scar'd at th' unusual gleam of armour bright,
 The harmless band were seiz'd with sudden fright ;
 But fair Erminia soon dispels their fears ;
 From her bright face the shining helm she rears ;
 And undisguis'd her golden hair appears.

Pursue your gentle tasks with dread unmov'd,
 O happy race ! (she cry'd) of heav'n belov'd !
 Not to disturb your peace these arms I bear,
 Or fright your tuneful notes with sounds of war.
 Then thus—O father ! 'midst these rude alarms,
 When all the country burns with horrid arms,
 What pow'r can here your blissful seats ensure,
 And keep you from the soldier's rage secure ?

' To whom the swain : No dangers here, my son,
 As yet my kindred or my flock have known.
 And these abodes, remov'd to distance far,
 Have ne'er been startled with the din of war.
 Or whether heav'n, with more peculiar grace,
 Defends the shepherds' inoffensive race :
 Or, as the thunder scorns the vale below,
 And spends its fury on the mountain's brow ;
 So falls alone the rage of foreign swords
 On scepter'd princes and on mighty lords.
 No greedy soldiers here for plunder wait,
 Lur'd by our poverty and abject state :
 To others abject ; but to me so dear,
 Nor regal pow'r, nor wealth are worth my care.
 No vain ambitious thoughts my soul molest,
 No av'rice harbours in my quiet breast !
 From limpid streams my draught is well supply'd,
 I fear no poison in the wholesome tide.
 My little garden and my flock afford
 Salubrious viands for my homely board.
 How little, justly weigh'd, our life requires !
 For simple nature owns but few desires.
 Lo ! there my sons, (no menial slaves I keep)
 The faithful guardians of their father's sheep.
 Thus in the groves I pass my hours away,
 And see the goats and stags around me play ;

The fishes thro' these crystal waters glide,
 And birds, with wings, the yielding air divide.
 There was a time (when early youth inspires
 The mind of erring man with vain desires)
 I scorn'd in lowly vales my flock to feed,
 And from my native soil and country fled.
 At Memphis once I liv'd ; and, highly grac'd,
 Among the monarch's household-train was plac'd :
 And, tho' the gardens claim'd my cares alone,
 To me the wicked arts of courts were known.
 There long I stay'd, and irksome life endur'd,
 Still by ambition's empty hopes allur'd :
 But when, with flow'ry prime, those hopes were fled,
 And all my passions with my youth were dead,
 Once more I wish'd to live an humble swain,
 And sigh'd for my forsaken peace again :
 Then bade adieu to courts ; and, free from strife,
 Have since in woods enjoy'd a blissful life.

‘ While thus he spoke, Erminia silent hung
 In fix'd attention on his pleasing tongue ;
 His sage discourses, on her heart impress'd,
 Assuag'd the tempest of her troubled breast :
 ‘Till, after various thoughts, the princely maid
 Resolv'd to dwell beneath the lonely shade ;
 At least, so long sequester'd to reside,
 ‘Till fortune should for her return provide.

‘ Then to the hoary swain her speech she mov'd :
 O happy man ! in fortune's frowns approv'd ;
 If heav'n unenvying view thy peaceful state,
 Let pity touch thee for my hapless fate :
 Ah ! deign to take me to your pleasing seat ;
 To me how grateful were this kind retreat !
 Perhaps these lonely groves may ease, in part,
 The mournful burthen of my swelling heart.
 If gold or jewels can allure thy mind,
 (Those idols so ador'd by human kind !)
 From me thy soul may all its wishes find.

‘ Then, while her lovely eyes with sorrows flow,
 She half reveals the story of her woe :
 The gentle swain her tale with pity hears,
 Sighs back her grief, and answers tears with tears :
 With kindly words consoles th' afflicted fair,
 At once receives her with a father's care,
 And thence conducts her to his ancient wife,
 The faithful partner of his humble life.

‘ And

' And now (her mail unbrac'd) the royal maid
In rustic weeds her graceful limbs array'd;
But, in her courtly looks and beauteous mien,
Appear'd no tenant of the sylvan scene.
No dress could veil the lustre of her eyes,
No outward form her princely air disguise:
A secret charm, and dignity innate
Each act exalted of her lowly state.
She drives the flock to pasture on the plain,
And, with her crook, conducts to fold again:
From the rough teat she drew the milky stream,
And drain'd the whey, and press'd the curdling cream.

' Oft, when beneath some shady grove's retreat
The flocks are shelter'd from meridian heat,
On the smooth beechen rind the pensive dame
Carves in a thousand forms her Tancred's name:
Oft on a thousand plants inscribes her state,
Her dire distress, and love's disastrous fate.
And when her eyes her own sad lines peruse,
A show'r of tears her lovely face bedews.
Then thus she cries—Ye friendly trees! retain
My stor'd sorrows, and declare my pain:
Should e'er, beneath your grateful shade, reside
Some love-sick youth in true affection try'd;
His heart may learn with friendly grief to glow,
Touch'd by my sad variety of woe!
So may he Love and Fortune's rigour blame,
That thus reward a virgin's constant flame.
If e'er indulgent heav'n vouchsafe to hear
The tender wishes of a lover's pray'r;
Ev'n he may haply to these dwellings rove,
Who heeds not now forlorn Erminia's love;
And, casting on the ground his pitying eyes,
Where clos'd in earth this breathless body lies,
May to my suff'rings yield a late return,
And with a pious tear my fortune mourn.
Thus, if my life was never doom'd to rest,
At least in death my spirit shall be blest;
And my cold ashes shall the bliss receive,
Which here relentless fate refus'd to give!

As a contrast to this we shall give the enchanter Ismeno's
conjunction of his obedient dæmons, which is conceived with
great sublimity.

' But scarce consum'd in smould'ring ashes falls
Th' enormous pile that shook the Pagan walls,

When other schemes Ismeno's arts compose
To save the ramparts from th' invading foes.
He bends his thought to guard the woodland shade,
From which the Franks their mighty beams convey'd ;
That thus their engines they no more may rear,
Nor Sion more the threat'ning fury fear.

‘ Not far from where encamp'd the Christian bands,
‘Midst lonely vales an aged forest stands :
Here, when the day with purest beams is bright,
‘The branches scarce admit a glimm'ring light ;
Such as we oft in cloudy skies survey,
When sable eve succeeds to chearful day.
But when the sun beneath the earth descends,
Here deeper night her dreary veil extends :
Infernal darkness seems the sight to fill !
And sudden terrors ev'ry bosom chill !
No shepherd here his flock to pasture drives :
No village swain, with lowing herds, arrives :
No pilgrim dares approach ; but struck with dread
In distant prospect shews the dreary shade.
Here, with their minions, midnight hags repair,
Convey'd on flitting clouds thro' yielding air :
‘The one a dragon's fiery image bears ;
And one a goat's mishapen likeness wears.
And here they celebrate, with impious rite,
‘The feasts profane and orgies of the night.
Thus went the fame : untouch'd the forest stood ;
No hand presum'd to violate the wood.
Till now the fearless Franks the trees invade,
From these alone their vast machines they made.
‘The forc'rer hither came, the hour he chose,
When night around her deepest silence throws.
Close to his loins he girt his flowing vest,
Then form'd his circle and his signs impress'd :
With one foot bare, within the magic round
He stood, and mutter'd many a potent sound.
Thrice turning to the east his face was shewn ;
Thrice to the regions of the setting sun ;
And thrice he shook the wand, whose wond'rous force
Could from the tomb recall the buried corse :
As oft with naked foot the soil he struck,
Then thus aloud with dreadful accents spoke.

‘ Hear you ! who once by vengeful light'ning driv'n,
Fell headlong from the starry plains of heav'n !
Ye pow'rs who guide the storms and wintry war,
‘The wand'ring rulers of the middle air !

And

And you, the ministers of endless woe,
 To sinful spirits in the shades below !
 Inhabitants of hell ! your aid I claim,
 And thine, dire monarch of the realms of flame !
 Attend my will ; these woods in charge receive :
 To you consign'd each fatal plant I leave.
 As human bodies human souls contain,
 So you inshrin'd within these trees remain.
 Thus shall the Christian fly ; at least forbear
 To fell this forest, and your anger fear.

‘ He said ; and added many an impious spell,
 Dreadful to hear, and horrible to tell.

While thus he murmur'd, from the face of night
 Th’ affrighted stars withdrew their glitt’ring light,
 The moon, disturb’d, no more her beams reveal’d,
 But wrapt in clouds, her silver horns conceal’d.

‘ Now, fill’d with wrath, he rais’d his voice again ;
 Why are ye thus, ye fiends ! invok’d in vain ?
 Why this delay ? or do ye wait to hear
 More potent words and accents more severe ?
 Tho’ long disus’d my mem’ry yet retains
 Each deeper art that ev’ry pow’r constrains.
 These lips can sound that name with terror heard,
 That awful name by ev’ry demon fear’d.
 The name that startles hell’s tremendous reign,
 And call’s forth Pluto from his own domain.
 Hear ! and attend !—no more th’ enchanter said,
 The spell was ended, and the fiends obey’d.

‘ Unnumber’d spirits to the grove repair,
 Of those that wander thro’ the fields of air ;
 Of those that deep in earth’s foundations lie,
 In seats far distant from the chearful sky.
 Still in their mind they bear the high command
 That late from fields of fight their host restrain’d,
 Yet each compell’d the direful charge receives,
 Invades the trunks or lurks beneath the leaves.’

We shall give but one specimen more from the last book ;
 merely to shew, that the fatigue of so long an undertaking has
 not abated the fire either of the poet or his translator.

‘ He said, and ceas’d ; for nearer now was seen
 Th’ advancing pow’rs, and small the space between.
 Now front to front, in dreadful pause they stand,
 Burn for the fight, and only wait command.
 The streaming banners to the wind are spread,
 The plumage nods on ev’ry crested head ;

Arms, vests, devices catch the sunny rays,
 And steel and gold with mingled splendour blaze !
 Each spacious host on either side appears
 A steely wood, a grove of waving spears.
 They bend their bows, in rest their lances take,
 They whirl their slings, their ready jav'lines shake.
 Each gen'rous steed to meet the fight aspires,
 And seconds, with his own, his master's fires ;
 He neighs, he foams, he paws the ground beneath,
 And smoke and flame his swelling nostrils breathe.'

Yet, after all, they who would read Tasso with delight, must not take him thus in detached passages, but begin regularly, give themselves up entirely to the illusion of the poet, and, for a while, allow the imagination to have dominion over probability. Whatever the latter may suffer by this, the former will be sure to gain ; and the powers of fancy will be enlarged and refined. It has been said that Spencer has made more poets than any other writer, but Spencer himself was made a poet by Tasso. A modern translation of this poem was wanting : to him, therefore, who cannot enjoy it in the original, we recommend this as the most pleasing that has yet appeared. At a time when the press serves rather to inflame men's passions than allay them, we would gladly lead our readers to scenes of harmless pleasure : we would wish to turn the public from the shouts of faction to the voice of genius.

It remains only to be observed, that the life of Tasso, extracted from the narrative of his friend Manso, and prefixed to the translation, affords more events and vicissitudes, and is therefore more entertaining, than most lives of men of literature.

ART. V. *The English Works of Roger Ascham, Preceptor to Queen Elizabeth : Containing, I. A Report of the Affairs of Germany, and the Emperor Charles's Court. II. Toxophilus, or, The School of Shooting. III. The School-master, or perfect Way of bringing up Youth, illustrated by the late learned Mr. Upton. IV. Letters to Queen Elizabeth and others, now first published from the Manuscripts. With Notes and Observations, and the Author's Life. By James Bennet, Master of the Boarding-School at Hoddesden, in Hertfordshire. 4to. Pr. 10s. 6d. Doddsley.*

THIS publication is prefaced by the life of the author, who, we find, was born in the year 1515, at Kirby Wiske, (or Kirby Wicke) a village near Northallerton in Yorkshire, of a family above the vulgar. His father, John Ascham, was house-steward in the family of Scroop. Ascham was maintained and educated, according to his biographer, by Anthony Wingfield, who, by the bye, we take to be the same with Sir Anthony Wingfield,

Wingfield, one of the greatest statesmen and ministers of his time, and ought to have been mentioned as such by our editor, in gratitude for his generosity to Ascham; for he sent him to study at St. John's College in Cambridge, just about the time that Greek literature dawned in England. Ascham, in 1534, took a bachelor's degree, though he was but eighteen years of age; and a few weeks after, being favoured by Dr. Metcalf, the master, notwithstanding his suspected attachment to the doctrines of the reformation, he was chosen fellow of this college. Young as he was, he now began to make a great figure by his knowledge in the Greek as well as the Latin languages; and when he was but twenty-one years of age, he commenced tutor, and made so great a figure in that capacity, that though as yet there was no established lecturer in the Greek, yet he was employed and paid as such by the university. He likewise, for the purity of his Latin style, was employed in writing the public letters of that body. To those accomplishments he added the practice of music, and, for the times, a very fine hand of writing; to which, we apprehend, queen Elizabeth, in part, owed her excellency in the same art, which she sometimes practised with great beauty.

Archery, however, was his favourite amusement, which very unreasonably drew upon him as a learned man, some reflections both by his friends and enemies. To remove those imputations, he wrote a treatise which he called "*Toxophilus, the school, or partitions, of shooting; Contayned in II bookes. Pleasaunt for all gentlemen and yomen of Englande. For theyr pastime to reade, and profitable for theyr use to folowe both in warre and peace.*" Though it would seem ridiculous for us to recommend this treatise to modern readers, professedly for a subject of study, yet the author discovers in it a vast compass both of antient and modern learning, with a no mean vein of humour and knowledge of the world; as will readily appear to every learned man who can spare time to read for the purposes of amusement and curiosity. The editor has not at all been unfortunate in his apology for the pains which the ingenious gentleman has taken in composing it, even for national and literary ends, when we consider the prodigious exploits the English performed by the long-bow, and the great value in which archery was held by the ancients. So fond has Mr. Ascham been of his subject, that he has interwoven in it many curious passages of the ancients, and has, in fact, made the whole an entire system of archery both ancient and modern.

We cannot, however, always applaud the editor's sagacity in the few explanatory notes he has given us upon this treatise. *Foumards*, which are well known to be the large kind of weazel,

zel, he believes to be floats. Though Mr. Ascham often makes use of the word *lese* for *lose*, yet he doubts whether his author did not mistake Chaucer's meaning of the word *lesinges*, which ought to signify lies, rather than losses, in the following lines,

‘Hazardry is a verye mother of lesinges,
And of deceyte and cursed sweringes.’

A learned man who was born almost 250 years ago can scarcely be supposed an incompetent judge of Chaucer's language, not to mention that his meaning of the word makes rather better sense than that given us by his editor. Our editor is equally unfortunate in other critical notes on our author's language. Ascham, in one of his letters, mentions a strange bird having a throat well able to swallow, without grief or *touch of crest*, a white penny-loaf of England. An unlettered reader, who knows that *crest* signifies the wind-pipe and the places adjacent to the breast, would naturally conclude that the expression, *touch a crest*, signifies, without touching his wind-pipe; but Mr. Bennet's explanatory note is as follows. ‘*Touch a crest* I do not understand; perhaps it may be without touch of crust, without breaking the crust.’ But we shall now return to Mr. Ascham's life.

Having a desire to travel, which his poverty did not allow him to gratify, Henry VIII. allowed him a pension of 10 l. a year, which Mr. Bennet justly thinks was equal to 100 l. at present. This pension, which was continued to him by Edward VI. placed him above want. He had likewise a pension from Lee, archbishop of York; and he now formed many noble, and some royal, personages, not only to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, but to writing a fine hand. Our editor mentions amongst the latter prince Edward, as well as the princess Elizabeth; and, indeed, tho' the prince did not write so well, they seem, from the form of their letters, to have been instructed by the same master. In 1548 Ascham was employed to direct the literary studies of the princess Elizabeth; but, growing tired of that employment, he abruptly left her and returned to his college. Soon after, he was appointed secretary to Sir John Morison, who was appointed ambassador to the German princes. He embraced the occasion, attended the embassy, and entered into a correspondence with the learned Sturmius, but never saw him. He took this occasion to make a short excursion into Italy, and to write a report and discourse of the affairs in Germany. Upon the death of Edward VI. to whom, in his absence, he had been appointed Latin secretary, Ascham, who was a professed Protestant, would have probably been ruined, had he not been protected by Gardiner, bishop of Winchester.

Though

Though that prelate was vain, he was far from being unskilled in the learning that distinguished Ascham; and so extraordinary a protection, and his being continued in his post of Latin secretary to Philip and Mary, with so considerable a salary as 20 l. a year, gives some reason to believe, that Ascham knew how to make prudent compliances in point of religion, and that, in his principles he was neither a Ridley nor a Latimer; especially as during the same horrid reign, he was favoured and employed by cardinal Pole. Under queen Elizabeth, he stood in a high degree of favour with the chief men at court: but though he was admitted into his former employment of teaching the queen, and even to a considerable degree of familiarity with her, she seems never to have raised his pension of 20 l. a year, though he obtained the prebend of Westwang in the church of York, which we suppose was a very poor one. In 1563, by the invitation and encouragement of Sir Edward Sackville, he wrote his *Schoolmaster*, which was so little suited to the taste of the time, that he never offered it to the public; till, after his death, it was published, and dedicated to the lord Cecil, by his wife Margaret, whose maiden name was Howe, whom he had married in queen Mary's time, which had obliged him to resign his fellowship. Towards the end of the year 1568, Ascham fell ill of a hectic disorder, of which he died, according to Cambden, on the 30th of December; and his funeral sermon was preached by the learned Dr. Nowel.

As to Ascham's character, which we think our editor has not sufficiently canvassed, it appears to have been a complication of inconsistencies. Though passionately fond of learning, yet he was a dupe to dice and cock-fighting, as appears from Cambden, who had a high opinion of him, and was himself one of the best natured men of his age. It appears likewise from the testimony of his cotemporaries, as well as his own, that he was miserably involved in law-suits, which kept him so low, that even Buchanan, in an epigram he addressed to his memory, touches upon his poverty. 'Tis no wonder if a man made up of such contrarieties did not shine at the court of queen Elizabeth, who was but another name for prudence and oeconomy.

The publication before us begins with the already mentioned Report and Discourse on the affairs of Germany, which is addressed to one John Astely. Here the reader will find several anecdotes concerning the German princes, particularly those of the house of Saxony, which are extremely entertaining, and may serve as excellent notes for a general history of that age and country. He likewise gives us some curious particulars with regard to the history of Italy. The following story of the duke of Saxony, who is called the Landgrave, being made prisoner, may

may give some specimen of our author's manner, after informing him that a *marches* is a *marquis*.

'Duke Maurice with Joachim elector of Bradenburge became meanes betwixt the lansgraue and the emperour. Conditions both of mercy from the one, and of amendes from the other, were drawn out. Maurice and the marches bound them selues sureties to the lansgraues children, for theyr fathers safe returne: for amongst the rest of conditions this was one of the chiefeſt, that he ſhould come in no priſon. And ſo at Hala in Saxony, he came boldly to the emperours preſence, who receiued him not very cherefully, nor gaue him not his hande, which in Germany is the very token of an aſſured reconciliation.

'The duke of Alua made the lansgraue a ſupper, and called alſo thither duke Maurice, and the marches of Bradenburge, where they had great chere: but after ſupper it was told duke Maurice and the marches that they might depart, for the lansgraue muſt lodge there that night.

'On the morrow, they reaſoned of the matter wholly to this purpoſe, that the emperour promiſed the lansgraues perſon ought not to be kept. Aunſwere was made that the emperour went no farther then conditions led him, which were that he ſhould not be kept in euerlaſting priſon. When I was at Villacho in Carinthia I aſked duke Frederickes preacher what were the very wordes in Dutch, whereby the lansgraue agaynſt his looking was kept in priſon. He ſaid the fallacion was very pretty and notable, and tooke his penne and wrote in my booke the very wordes wherein the very controverſie ſtoode. Duke Maurice ſayd it was,

Nicht in einig gefengknes. i. Not in any priſon. The imperials ſayd no, but thus;

Nicht in ewig gefengknes. i. Not in euerlaſting priſon. And how ſoon *einig* may be turned into *ewig*, not with ſcrape of knife, but with the leaſt daſh of a pen, ſo that it ſhall neuer be perceiued, a man that will proue may eaſely ſee.'

We can ſay little in addition to what we have already mentioned of our author's Toxophilus; but, by a dedicatory epiſtle to queen Elizabeth, it appears as if Mr. Aſcham had been author of works that have not come to our hands. His Schoolmaſter, which contains a plan of education in Latin and Greek, is by far the moſt valuable part of this publication, and is attended by the learned notes of Mr. Upton, who publiſhed it. Aſcham here diſcovers an intimate acquaintance with the claſſics, both Greek and Latin, particularly the two great lights of eloquence Cicero and Quintilian. His plan of education is noble and humane; and in this treatiſe he takes occaſion to introduce us to a conuerſation he had with the celebrated lady Jane Grey, whom

he visited at her father's country seat in Leicestershire, and whom he found reading Plato's *Phædon*. The treatment of that incomparable lady by her father and mother, the duke and duchess of Suffolk, as she related it to Ascham, is shocking beyond credibility.

‘ After salutation (says he) and dewtie done, with some other taulke, I asked her, why she would leese such pastime in the parke? Smiling, she answered me; “ I wisse, all their sport in the parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folke, they never felt what trewe pleasure ment.” “ And howe came you, madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure? And what did chieflie allure you unto it, seeinge not many women, but very fewe men, have attained thereunto.” “ I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a truth, which, perchance ye will marvell at. One of the greatest benefites that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharpe and severe parentes, and so gentile a scholemaster. For when I am in presence eyther of father or mother; whether I speake, keepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or sad, be sowyng, playing, dauncing, or doing anie thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfitlie as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie, sometimes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies, which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I thincke myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gentlie, so pleasantlie, with such fair allurementes to learninge, that I thinke all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do els, but learninge, is full of grief, trouble, feare, and whole misliking unto me.”

In this treatise likewise, the reader will find no mean information as to the manners of the age, particularly of the younger people, and the men of pleasure, and, what we call *choice spirits*. His characters of the antient writers are masterly, his precepts and advices for reading are standard-rules, and the most learned may profit by them; but, after all, the work seems not to have been finished. Sir John Cheke's judgment and counsel, which our author has inserted for reading Salust, is very fine; but the nature of the whole treatise of the Schoolmaster does not admit of our giving any quotations from it.

Ascham's works are closed by what his editor calls Letters to queen Elizabeth and others; with what propriety we cannot say. After a noble Latin epistle from Ascham to Sturmius, we meet with a copy of verses and a letter of Udall, addressed to his scholars, with a Latin harangue of Walter Haddon to his pupils.

pupils. We are then presented with an oration pronounced by Sir Henry Saville before queen Elizabeth, in 1592. The English letters of Ascham which follow, are incorrect, and of no great consequence. In the main, we think the editor, if he got any profit by this publication, has obtained it at a very cheap rate. His account of Ascham seems, by his own acknowledgement, to have been composed from Graunt's panegyrical account of him; but we are of opinion, that a diligent scrutiny of libraries and repositories of learning would bring to life some more interesting particulars than any that have been yet published of this ornament of polite literature.

ART. VI. *The Police of France: or, An Account of the Laws and Regulations established in that Kingdom, for the Preservation of Peace, and the preventing of Robberies. To which is added, A particular Description of the Police and Government of the City of Paris.* 4to. Pr. 3s. 6d. Owen and Harrison.

THE English language can yet hardly be said to have naturalized the word *Police*, which is a plain proof that the thing itself is but little understood among us. Of late, indeed, we have seen it used with great parade, in the narrow and confined sense of *thief-catching*: whereas it not only includes the punishment of villany, but the maintenance of order, uniformity, and neatness in cities and public buildings, and the regulating of the lowest class of the people, the idle and indigent, in such a manner as to prevent them from becoming a nuisance to society; at least this is the sense in which it is used by our neighbours the French; and the meaning given to it in the following treatise, which the author tells us, he composed in Paris, a short time after the peace of Aix la Chapelle, but delayed to publish, on account of the renewal of hostilities, by which the attention of the legislature was necessarily engrossed. The work now appears at a very proper time, and suggests a great many useful hints for the better regulating of the internal policy of this kingdom; but whether that spirit of misrule which of late has so sadly prevailed, to the dishonour of the nation, will suffer any new courses to be pursued, tending to polish and improve society, may be greatly doubted. The good people of this country are so far from being willing to learn any useful lesson from their enemies, that they are even spitefully peevish at being served by their friends.

The author divides his work into five parts, in the first of which he gives us a general view of the several jurisdictions established

lished in France for the administration of justice. This account is written with seeming accuracy and distinctness ; but it is so minutely circumstantial, that our readers could conceive but a very imperfect idea of it from any abstract we could present them with. From the whole it would appear, that in France there are rather too many retainers to the law ; and that the course of justice would be more free, if several of the inferior and intermediate courts were abolished. The author assigns the reasons of the multiplicity of these courts, and the bad effects of them, in the following paragraph.

‘ These judicial offices, as well as the other employments in France, having been formerly purchased of the crown, and erected *en titre d’office*, are venal, hereditary, and assignable ; the king regranting them to the person petitioning to be admitted, if qualified, upon consideration of a fine, in proportion to the original purchase money, called the finance of the office, and paid on every new admission, whether it be by inheritance, or assignment. The sums thus advanced make no inconsiderable fund for the public revenues, under the title of the *parties casuelles* : but the salaries annexed to these offices, many of them superfluous, constitute a heavy part of the national debt of the kingdom.’

In the second part we have an account of the establishment of the *marechaussée* in each province in France for the preservation of the peace, and the preventing of robberies on the highways. This establishment, the author tells us, owes its origin to the court of the constable and marshals of France, erected in 1356, to take cognizance of all crimes committed by men at arms, or soldiers in the king’s service, either in the field or garrison, or in going thither, or returning from thence. In time, the competency of that court was extended to take cognizance of all public disturbances by force of arms, and of all assaults, robberies, and murders, committed on the highways, even by persons not enlisted in the military service. But as the establishment was rendered almost totally ineffectual from the multiplicity of officers, and the contests among them for precedence, Lewis XV. in the year 1720, new-modelled the institution, creating in every *generalité* of the kingdom one company of *marechaussée*, to be composed of a *prevot-general*, a number of lieutenants, assessors, king’s attornies, and registers, with exempts, brigadiers, and sub-brigadiers, archers, and trumpets. The whole body of the *marechaussée* in the thirty generalities, amounts to about 3,000 men, and the expence of the whole may be about 99,350 l. sterling. The exempts and the archers are for the most part veteran troopers, and are quartered in the several towns

towns within their department as near as possible, at equal distances; so as not to be more than half a day from the one station to the other, from whence it is their duty to set out every day on horseback. By this means they hold a constant intelligence with each other, and can, in a very short, time disperse the account of a crime, or the description of a criminal, to the remotest corners of the kingdom. But, though it be their duty to patrol every day in the year, they appear only now and then, which has almost the same effect as if they were upon constant service, for none but themselves know when they are or are not to be upon duty. To incite them to be vigilant and active, the king grants them a recompence upon every conviction of about five pounds; but if the convict be taken by other persons, the like reward is conferred on the apprehenders, and paid out of the stoppages from the salaries of the *marechaussée*. When a criminal is apprehended, if his crime be cognizable by the prevotal court, he is tried by the *prevot general*, and six other magistrates, who judge without appeal and without pardon. The author, having described the regulations observed by the *marechaussée*, and given an account of the jurisdiction of the prevotal court, makes the following sensible remark; 'That tho' such an establishment be improper for this land of liberty, it may, however, be taken into consideration, whether a select body of men might not be appointed in each of our counties, under the same discipline and œconomy as the *marechaussée* in France, but subservient wholly to the civil power, whose sole duty should be to patrole, in the manner above-mentioned, from town to town, in order to protect the innocent travellers from all assaults or robberies on the highways: and also to aid the peace-officers, in pursuing and apprehending such offenders on every public outcry, and conduct them to the common gaols to be tried in the ordinary course of justice, so duly administered at the quarter sessions, or by the judges in their several circuits throughout the kingdom. Such a patrole at least seems more immediately necessary in the adjacent parts of our great metropolis, in and about which, as in all other capitals, assaults and robberies are more frequently committed than in the highways at a greater distance.'

In the third part we have an account of the regulations enforced in the city of Paris, for the preservation of the peace, and the preventing of street robberies. The civil government of Paris (for the author does not touch upon the military and ecclesiastical) is in general delegated to one of the ministers of state, who holds his public audience once a week, and decides all matters regarding the police of the city without appeal. The
immediate

immediate execution of the laws relative to the preservation of the peace, is, however, transferred to a substitute called the Lieutenant de Police, who sits every day in his judicial capacity, either at his own house, or at the Chatelet. This minister may be considered as an officer of the court and as a magistrate of the city, and has very extensive powers, and a large sphere of duty. He is to be exact in apprehending all the suspected enemies of the government, and subservient to the views of the ministry; as a magistrate his duty extends to the suppressing of all tumults, seditions, and disorders, houses of ill fame, and unlawful games; he is to give his directions upon all inundations of the river, or accidents by fire; he has the right of visiting fairs, markets, public inns, tippling houses and sellers of wine; he has the examination of all printed papers in single sheets, and consequently a control over the Gazettes, news papers, ballads, ballad-singers and hawkers. He likewise presides at the elections of the masters, wardens, and syndics, of the several communities of arts and mysteries; the binding of apprentices; the admitting of persons to the freedom of companies, the visitation of manufactures, &c. &c.

For the better accelerating of justice, and to ease and assist the lieutenant of the police, the city is divided into twenty quarters, in each of which is appointed a certain number of commissaries, being in all forty-eight, who are in the nature of justices of peace within their several divisions. Besides their cognizance of breaches of the peace, and other matters relative to that, they keep a kind of registry-office of all the public hotels and lodging houses within their district, the landlords of which are obliged to give in the names and qualities of every lodger, upon his first arrival, and immediate notice when he departs. These commissaries likewise assist the lieutenant in his civil jurisdiction, and as it is one branch of his duty to take the probate of all wills, they examine the inventories that are made by all executors and administrators. As assistants to the commissaries twenty inferior officers are appointed, called Inspectors of the Police, and below these are fifty other officers called Exempts de Police, who direct the coachmen in the streets to back or give way upon any stop, oblige the drivers of carts to walk close to the head of their horses, take up ballad-singers who sing unlicensed songs, seize unruly people in the street, and disperse themselves in the churches and public gardens, and at the several play-houses for the same purpose. Below the exempts de police is the company of archers, one hundred in number, who patrol the streets in the day-time, in brigades of ten men each, and take up all vagabonds, loose women, and idle beggars, who are conducted to the general Work-house. Part of the *Guet à Cheval*, or horse-guard,

VOL. XVI. July 1763. D

guard, likewise patrol the streets in the day-time, and another part at night. The *guet à pied*, or foot-guard, consisting of four hundred men, are likewise on duty both day and night. These are distributed into eighteen guard-rooms, built in different parts of the city, where they remain all the day, with a centinel at the door. The night-watch in general, both of horse and foot, are never to remain more than one hour in a place, and their stations are changed every night. The criminals are carried to the prisons of the city; but, when capitally convicted, if not in prevotal cases, they have a right of appeal to the parliament of Paris.

Part fourth of this work contains a farther account of the police and government of the city of Paris with regard to the maintenance of the poor; the support of the hospitals; the supply of provisions; the preventing of fires; the regulating of the public companies, and the paving, cleaning and lighting of the streets. In the year 1640, the number of strolling beggars about the streets of Paris, were computed to amount to no less than forty thousand, without settlement, maintenance, or lodging, many of them cohabiting together without marriage, and all continuing in an habitual course of every kind of vice. In order to remove so great a scandal and grievance, some persons of eminence proposed a general work-house, or hospital; which proposal was at first looked upon as chimerical, but, after much opposition, actually took place in the year 1656, when an edict was published, regulating the form of administration of such an hospital, and assigning certain revenues for its support, both which our author particularizes in a distinct manner. The edict no sooner took place, than the streets were cleared of beggars, not, however by all of them retiring into the work-houses. Only one eighth-part of them, or 5000, submitted to go into the hospitals; the rest either betook themselves to industry, or fled into the country. The number in the work-houses and hospitals at present amount to 12,868, including foundlings and charity children. The author has many judicious reflections on the management of the hospital for foundlings, and for sick and maimed, and on the institution of the work-houses in general, which we cannot afford room to particularize. We cannot, however, help remarking, that from stated accounts printed by authority, it appears, that one-fifth of the children born in Paris are sent to the foundling hospital, and one-third of the people who die at Paris die in an hospital. What a miserable idea does this give us of that proud, vain, and luxurious capital? There is such a thing as being righteous over-much; and here we have a plain proof, that public policy may frustrate its own purpose, by interfering too much with what seems to be left by nature to the

care of individuals, namely, the rearing of infants, and the tending of the sick. Here another remarkable fact is worth attending to, That, notwithstanding the general hospital at Paris, and establishments of the same kind in all the great cities and towns throughout the kingdom, there is at present an universal complaint in France of the increase of vagrants, and of the multiplicity of poor unprovided for. We cannot, however, agree with the author, who seems to lay the fault to the nature of the establishment. He himself assigns a much better reason for it, that while the numbers to be confined are unlimited, there is only a limited revenue to support them. A remedy for this is certainly not impracticable; and when the vagrants were once sensible that they could be controled, they would again disappear, as upon the first institution of the hospital.

The author next proceeds to an accurate detail of the magistracy of the city, and of the functions of the different magistrates; of their attention to supply the city with provisions, fire-wood and water, adds a few observations on the care that is taken at Paris to prevent any accidents by fire; gives the regulations for keeping the streets in repair, and inserts the substance of the last lease with the paving contractors, by which it appears that the paviours furnish materials, and lay the stones at the rate of 4 s. 6 d. the superficial fathom. The author is here guilty of a small mistake in reckoning that, as one part in nine of the work is new every year, the whole pavement of the city is new in the space of nine years. That could not happen unless one ninth of the pavement of the whole city was new laid every year; which is not the case, as by the terms of the contract only 55,000 superficial fathoms are to be annually new laid. The rest of this section is employed in describing the manner in which the streets are cleaned and lighted, and in enumerating the expence of these two articles.

The author in this part likewise gives us the price of the chief necessaries, as they were sold at the common markets at Paris in 1754, which we shall insert for the sake of our readers who chuse to make a comparison of the value of these articles in Paris and London.

| | livres. | sols. |
|---------------------------------------|---------|-------|
| * Wheat <i>per setier</i> * — — — — — | 25 | — |
| Rye ditto — — — — — | 14 | — |

* A *setier* of wheat or rye, Paris measure, contains 12 bushels, and a bushel weighs 20 pounds; so that a *setier* is 240 pounds. A quarter of corn, London measure, contains 8 bushels, and a bushel weighs 60 pounds; so that a quarter is 480 pounds; consequently a quarter of corn, London measure, is equal to two *setiers*, Paris measure.

D 2

Oats

| | | | | livres. | sols. |
|--|---|---|---|---------|-----------------|
| Oats <i>per setier</i> * | — | — | — | 20 | — |
| Hay <i>per load</i> † | — | — | — | 44 | — |
| Bread, first sort, <i>per lb.</i> | — | — | — | — | 4 |
| Ditto, second | — | — | — | — | 3 |
| Beef, <i>per lb.</i> | — | — | — | — | 8 |
| Veal ditto | — | — | — | — | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Mutton ditto | — | — | — | — | 8 |
| Salt ditto | — | — | — | — | 11 |
| Fire-wood, in billets called <i>bois de compte</i> , fifty- two in each load, | — | — | — | 18 | 8 |
| Ditto sold <i>per measure</i> | — | — | — | 17 | 12 |
| Faggots <i>per hundred</i> | — | — | — | 12 | 10' |

The fifth and last part of this work contains remarks on the extent and circumference both of London and Paris; the number of their inhabitants, and the necessity of circumscribing the boundaries of each; concluding with an estimate of the expence of the police of Paris. According to our author, London is by much the larger city of the two.

‘But although London is by much the larger of the two, and may claim several superior advantages with regard to the wideness of the streets, and conveniencies of the foot passengers, yet Paris has by much the neater and more agreeable appearance; and the passages for those who go in coaches, are infinitely more easy and commodious; and its environs, if not more beautiful by nature, are certainly more magnificent by art.’

He gives us two computations of the number of inhabitants in Paris, by one of which they amount to 580,000, and by the other to only 492,000; consequently, if the accounts we have of the number of souls in London be any way exact, it greatly exceeds the former, not only in extent but in number of people. But, instead of attributing any glory either to London or Paris, on account of the greatness of their circumference, or the number of their inhabitants, the author judiciously observes, that we ought rather to determine that both are too large. This is

* ‘A *setier* of oats, Paris measure, contains 24 bushels, so called; though in fact, each contains only half a bushel, wheat measure. One of these half bushels contains 4 *picotins*, and each *picotin* 2 *litrons*. To reduce this to London measure, we may compute 2 *litrons* to make one quartern, and 4 *picotins* to make one peck, &c.

† A load of hay at Paris consists of 100 *bottes* or trusses. Each *botte* must weigh 12 pounds.’

most apparently true with regard to London, which of late years has been crouded with luxurious idlers, who, for the sake of having a house in the capital, are suffering their mansion-houses to tumble to ruins in the country. It is not by estates arising from ground-rents that the wealth of a nation is improved, but by estates raised by the cultivation of the land; and revenues of the former kind are often prejudicial to those of the latter. Having already enlarged too much on this article, we shall conclude with presenting our readers with the expences of the police of Paris.

| Expences of the POLICE. | | l. | s. |
|---|--|--------|----|
| To salaries of the inspectors of the police, | 10,000 livres | 437 | 10 |
| | — — — — — | | |
| To ditto of the exempts of the police, | 18250 livres | 798 | 8 |
| | — — — — — | | |
| To ditto of the archers, | 41,975 livres | 1836 | 0 |
| To the pay of the guet of horse, namely, | 160 troopers at 3 livres, and 40 brigadiers at 4 livres 10 sols per day; in all 200 men, 240900 livres | 10539 | 7 |
| | — — — — — | | |
| To ditto of the guet of foot, 306 private, at 15 sols, 57 corporals at 18 sols, 27 serjeants at 20 sols per day each; in all 400 men, 117822 livres | — — — — — | 5154 | 14 |
| | — — — — — | | |
| To the public paviour, as per contract, | 295000 livres | 12906 | 0 |
| | — — — — — | | |
| To the scavengers, as per contract, | 240000 livres | 10500 | 0 |
| | — — — — — | | |
| To the lanthorn lighters, as per contract, | 300000 livres | 13125 | 0 |
| | — — — — — | | |
| | | 55,296 | 19 |

Upon the whole, the treatise before us does not belie its title; it abounds with many judicious reflections, and is written with accuracy and elegance. We cannot, however, omit stigmatizing the vulgarism of *lay* for *ly*, which of late, to our great surprize, has crept into the works of some authors of note, though with the same propriety the word *raise* might be used for *rise*.

ART. VII. *The Death of Adam. A Tragedy. In Three Acts. From the German of Mr. Klopstock. 8va. Pr. 1s. 6d. Becket and De Hondt.*

SOME modern English and French writers have been very severe on our neighbours the Germans, and have not scrupled to brand them with the names of heavy, dull, phlegmatic compilers, without taste, spirit, or genius, as descendants of the antient Beotians,

Craſſoque ſub aëre nati.

A variety of very ingenious and learned performances which we have lately ſeen, ſufficiently ſhew that ſuch cenſure hath more in it of malice than of truth, as the little performance now before us would of itſelf abundantly teſtify. *The Death of Adam*, by Mr. Klopſtock, is, in our opinion, a work of great merit; and, as the tranſlator obſerves in his preface, ſhews the author's intimate acquaintance with the Greek ſtage, that he has improved upon his maſters, and written this piece, not according to the letter, but the ſpirit, of thoſe great originals.

The tranſlator is of opinion, that this tragedy has a particular reſemblance with the *Oedipus Colonus* of Sophocles in ſupport of which he quotes ſeveral lines from Francklin's tranſlation of that author, though we muſt own we cannot, after all that he ſays on this occaſion, find out the parallel.

The dramatis perſonæ are Adam, Eve, Cain, Selima, Seth, Eman, Sunim, the Angel of Death, and Three Mothers who bring their ſons to Adam.

The ſame uniform ſimplicity which directs the conduct of this dramatic poem, animates the ſtile, ſentiments, and language; we ſhall not, therefore, enter into a detail of the plot or fable, which is of a nature very different from our modern performances, but content ourſelves with a few extracts from ſome of the moſt ſtriking parts.

The firſt ſpeech of Selima has a kind of paſtoral eaſe and ſimplicity, which will ſufficiently recommend it to the lovers of pure and unadorned nature.

Hail happy day! ſacred to wedded love!
How pure and calm ſhines out thy chearful light!
What happineſs, ſurpaſſing all the joys
My childiſh years have known, I taſte this day!
To view the labours of the virgin train
Which deck my bridal bow'r, our mother Eve
Haſtes all delighted, and with hand maternal

Entwines

Entwines the clust'ring foliage. I mean-time
Come forth to gather fruits of taste delicious,
Which I have plac'd upon the tender grass,
That so my brethren and my sisters, from
The nuptial bow'r returning, may relieve
Their toil with exquisite repast; around
The ready fruits I've set the luscious grape;
The sweetest shall be Eman's; for his taste
Alone I pluck'd it, and have strew'd it o'er
With shelt'ring leaves yet glist'ning with the dew.
O happiness sincere! the virtuous Eman
Deigns to make me his choice; yes Eman loves me.
When the bright sun shall slope his western course
Beneath th' horizon, then, for the first time,
Shall Adam's daughters bring their infant sons
Of three years growth, unto their genial fire,
That he may bless them; that holy office done,
Th' enraptur'd father, with a heart-felt joy,
Shall lead us to the bow'r, and nuptial bed—'

The grief, tenderness, and affection of Adam's children are pathetically described by our ingenious author, and the horror of Adam, on his approaching dissolution, finely expressed. The angel of death is introduced in the last scene of the first act, addressing himself to our first parent.

' O man, of earth created,
Hear thy Creator's will: before the sun
Shall to the forest of the cedars slope
His course declining, "Thou shalt die the death."
The death which waits thy race, shall sometimes fall
Like sleep upon them; sometimes be agony
Distorting: for thee, thou shalt die the death,
At that last moment, thou shalt surely know
My near approach; o'er these same rocks my steps
Shall thunder; I will shake them horrible
To their foundations deep; thy faculties
Of sight shall all be daz'd.—Thou shalt see nought,
But the huge rock's convulsive shake, a noise,
Like thunder's crash, shall burst upon thy ear,
Ere the sun reach the forest of the cedars.'

The exact time of Adam's death pointed out by the sun's reaching the forest of the cedars, and the circumstance of the angel's shaking the rock, at the moment of his dissolution, are truly sublime and poetical. We could wish the translator had substituted some other word instead of *daz'd*, which is a bad contraction for *dazzled*.

The following soliloquy of Adam will, we doubt not, be acceptable to our readers.

‘ What is the conflict then this day I feel ?
 My mis’ry’s at its height, and I am calm.
 O torments, which already I’ve endur’d,
 Can you grow stronger at approach of death ?
 If so, thou deadly calm, in thy dull sleep
 Wrap all my faculties, chain up my senses,
 And, like a victim to the altar brought,
 Crown’d with fresh garlands, lead me to the grave.
 O grave, which silence and her sister death
 Inhabit, like a worn-out traveller,
 Thou shalt receive me to thy cold dank bosom,
 Thence never to return.—And thou, blest soul,
 Soul of my child, my Abel, in this hour
 Wander’st, perhaps, around thy father’s grave.——
 If thou wert present, my beloved son,
 When God Almighty, in his just decree,
 Charg’d the dread angel to announce aloud,
 My hour of death : O come before my soul
 When it shall hover o’er my trembling lips,
 And these dim eyes fall sightless dark for ever.
 O Abel ! Oh, how different thy death
 From mine ! all bath’d in blood, thou heav’dst but thrice
 A parting groan, and then thy death was sleep.

Adam’s reflections on death, in the second act, are extremely pathetic.

‘ That curse, that dreadful curse which follows me,
 Hangs o’er ye all ; and I, your father, I
 Have pull’d it on ye.—The just eternal pow’r,
 Which from the first created me immortal,
 Placed life and death before me, with free will
 To chuse.—Fool that I was ! I grasp’d at more,
 More than immortal sought to be, and chose
 Death !—But hark !—What is’t I hear ? the mountains
 Send hideous cries, and echo loud lamentings.
 Distress stalks o’er the vale beneath.—See, see
 The father.—Sight of horror, sight distracting !
 Buries his daughter, and the desperate mother
 For her own son prepares the grave ;—and there
 Children attend their mother to the tomb.—
 Mark ! how yon widow round the ghastly corpse
 Of her lov’d husband, clings disconsolate ;——
 And see a sister, with her social tears,

Bedews

Bedews a brother's tomb ;—and there a friend,
O'er his half-self scatters the mould'ring dust.
The plighted wife, here digs the grave for him
Her vows were plighted to.—O children, children,
If ye behold my grave, turn not your eyes,
Nor o'er my ashes, and my memory, heap
Your dreadful curses :—let rememb'rance rather
Of this your wretched father, let the sight
Of this his grave, awaken all your pity.'

Adam's conference with Cain, his parting with Eve, his address to the three mothers, and several other scenes, have great merit in them : but we refer our readers to the performance itself, which we imagine, if their tastes are not vitiated by the artful refinements and tricks of the modern drama, will give them great pleasure in the perusal. The translator has, in most parts, done justice to his original, though he has not been so exact with regard to the * measure of his verses as might be expected.

ART. VIII. *The History of Lady Julia Mandeville. In Two Volumes:*
By the Translator of Lady Catesby's Letters. 12mo. Pr. 6s.
Doddsley.

THIS history, like those of Grandison, &c. is carried on in a series of letters, each of which, without any introduction, sufficiently points out its author. Lady Julia, one of the most amiable young creatures that ever nature formed, is the daughter of the earl of Belmont, and heiress to 16,000 l. a year. She lives at her father's noble seat in the country, under the eye of her parents, the most worthy couple in England, and is sometimes visited by a young gentleman, a relation of her own, one Mr. Mandeville, who has all the accomplishments both external and internal that nature and education can give

* The following verses, with some others, are faulty in this particular, having all of them a foot too much or too little.

' As thine at present, nor grief found utterance
But in half words, and sobbings inarticulate.'

' Holy sacrifice, I would be alone.'

' Just in its spring of days shall wither.'

' Look upon thee, son, my eyes turn backward.'

' Spreads an universal night before me.'

him;

him; but his father is still alive, and his fortune but just sufficient to support him as a gentleman. Mandeville returning from his travels, without leaving behind him any of his native virtues, conceives, for his amiable cousin, a high esteem, which he at first flatters himself to be but friendship, but at last he perceives it to be love. The inequality of their fortune long seals up his lips, but he ventures to declare himself to the young lady. His addresses are received, and their passion becomes mutual. His delicacy, however, makes him leave the family, on pretence of paying a visit to a friend; but he makes lady Anne Wilmot, who lives in the house with lady Julia, his confidante. From her correspondence he learns, that the earl intended to bestow his daughter on the heir of an earldom, which both of them conclude to be the lord Melvin, a young nobleman just returned from his travels, and whose father, the earl of Rochdale, lived in the neighbourhood. The violence of Mandeville's passion induces him to confess it in a letter to the earl of Belmont, and he intrusts the delivery of it to a particular friend, while he himself remains incognito at a farm-house, waiting the event. An accident carries this friend to London, and his not hearing from Belmont throws him into the greatest perplexities, which he turned into certainties, when he hears that every thing is preparing about lord Melvin's house for a magnificent wedding, and sees lord Melvin drive past, towards Belmont house, drest like a bridegroom. Fury and passion hurries him after the lord, whom he forces to fight, and he himself receiving a mortal wound, expires some hours after, but not without confessing that he was the unjust aggressor.

Before he died he understood, that lord Belmont had sent for him to give him the hand of his beloved Julia in marriage. This happened from the following motives, besides that of Mandeville's personal merit. He was, unknown to any but the earl and his father, to be the true heir of the earl's estate, and had received an education accordingly; though his good fortune was concealed from him from prudential considerations, as his not receiving the account of the earl's kind intentions in his favour was by accident. His faithful lady Julia survived him but a few days, her surprize and grief being too powerful for nature to support.

Such, or something like it, is the outline of this performance; but whatever opinion the reader may have of the design, he will find it an original in point of execution, especially colouring. Several episodes, tending to promote the main subject, are introduced with great judgement. The character of lord T. a man of sense and experience, but swayed by interest, and the passion of despising obscure merit, is drawn with exquisite judgement.

ment. We cannot, however, on the whole, help thinking, that that of lady Anne Wilmot is by far the greatest ornament of the work, and is supported in her letters with a spirit and propriety that is not excelled, if equalled, by any author in this species of writing, and is as follows.

‘ Lady Anne Wilmot, my father, and myself, make up the present party at Belmont; lady Anne, who without regularity of features has that animation which is the soul of beauty, is the widow of a very rich country gentleman; if it be just to prostitute the name of gentleman to beings of his order, only because they have estates of which they are unworthy, and are descended from ancestors whom they dishonour; who, when riding post through Europe, happened to see her with her father at Turin; and as she was the handsomest English woman there, and the whim of being married just then seized him, asked her of Lord —, who could not refuse his daughter to a jointure of three thousand pounds a year. She returned soon to England with her husband, where, during four years, she enjoyed the happiness of listening to the interesting histories of the chase, and entertaining —shire hunt at dinner: her slumbers broke by the noise of hounds in a morning, and the riotous mirth of less rational animals at night. Fortune, however, at length took pity on her sufferings, and the good squire overheating himself at a fox-chace, of which a fever was the consequence, left her young and rich, at full liberty to return to the cheerful haunts of men, with no very high ideas of matrimonial felicity, and an abhorrence of a country life, which nothing but her friendship for lady Belmont could have one moment suspended.

‘ A great flow of animal spirits, and a French education, have made her a coquet, though intended by nature for a much superior character. She is elegant in her dress, equipage, and manner of living, and rather profuse in her expences. I had first the honour of knowing her last winter at Paris, from whence she has been returned about six weeks, three of which she has passed at Belmont.’

We shall now give a specimen of her manner in the first letter she writes to her correspondent and lover colonel Belville, whom she is passionately fond of, and intends to marry.

‘ To Colonel BELVILLE.

TUESDAY, Belmont.

‘ Oh! you have no notion what a reformation: who but lady Anne Wilmot at chapel every Sunday? grave, devout, attentive; scarce stealing a look at the prettiest fellow in the world, who sits close by me! Yes, you are undone, Belville;

Harry

Harry Mandeville, the young, the gay, the lovely Harry Mandeville, in the full bloom of conquering three and twenty, with all the fire and sprightliness of youth, the exquisite symmetry and easy grace of an Antinous; a countenance open, manly, animated; his hair the brightest chestnut; his complexion brown, flushed with the rose of health; his eyes dark, penetrating, and full of fire, but when he addresses our sex softened into a sweetness which is almost irresistible; his nose inclining to the aquiline; his lips full and red, and his teeth of the most pearly whiteness.

‘ There, read and die with envy :

“ You with envy, I with love.”

‘ Fond of me too, but afraid to declare his passion; respectful—awed by the commanding dignity of my manner—poor dear creature, I think I must unbend a little, hide half the rays of my divinity, to encourage so timid a worshipper.

‘ Some flattering tawdry coxcomb, I suppose; some fool with a tolerable outside.

‘ No, you never was more mistaken, Bellville: his charms, I assure you, are not all external. His understanding is of the most exalted kind, and has been improved by a very extraordinary education, in projecting which his father has employed much time and thought, and half ruined himself by carrying it into execution. Above all, the Colonel has cultivated in his son an ardent love of independence, not quite so well suited to his fortune; and a generous, perhaps a romantic, contempt of riches, which most parents if they had found would have eradicated with the utmost care. His heart is warm, noble, liberal, benevolent: sincere, and violent in his friendships, he is not less so, though extremely placable, in his enmities; scorning disguise, and laying his faults as well as his virtues open to every eye: rash, romantic, imprudent; haughty to the assuming sons of wealth, but to those below him,

“ Gentle

“ As zephyr blowing underneath the violet.”

‘ But whither am I running? and where was I when this divine creature seduced me from my right path? O, I remember, at chapel: it must be acknowledged my digressions are a little Pindaric. True, as I was saying, I go constantly to chapel. ’Tis strange, but this lady Belmont has the most unaccountable way in the world of making it one’s choice to do whatever she has an inclination one should, without seeming to desire it. One sees so clearly that all she does is right, religion sits so easy upon her, her stile of goodness is so becoming, and
graceful,

graceful, that it seems want of taste and elegance not to endeavour to resemble her. Then my lord too loves to worship in the beauty of holiness; he makes the fine arts subservient to the noblest purpose, and spends as much on serving his Creator as some people of his rank do on a kennel of hounds. We have every external incitement to devotion; exquisite paintings, an admirable organ, fine voices, and the most animated reader of prayers in the universe.

Colonel Mandeville, whom I should be extremely in love with if his son was not five and twenty years younger, leaves us to-morrow morning, to join his regiment, the —shire militia: he served in the late war with honour, but meeting with some ill usage from a minister on account of a vote in parliament, he resigned his commission, and gave up his whole time to the education of my lovely Harry, whose tenderness and merit are a full reward for all his generous attention.

Adieu!

If we were disposed to find fault with this agreeable performance, it would be for the author's introducing any politics at all; though we cannot disown that it is done with great propriety, and her wheeling us too much about in an easy chair, on the carpet of description. In the main, however, she is as sentimental as Rousseau, and as interesting as Richardson, without the caprice of the one, or the tediousness of the other. We cannot recommend the catastrophe.

ART. IX. *Revelation examined with Candour: or, A Fair Enquiry into the Sense and Use of the several Revelations expressly declared, or sufficiently implied, to be given to Mankind from the Creation, as they are found in the Bible. By a professed Friend to an honest Freedom of Thought in Religious Enquiries. Vol. III. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Johnston.*

THE two former volumes of this work were so well received by the public, and the learned author is so well known, that we mention them only to have an opportunity of connecting their substance with that of the volume before us. Meanwhile, we can venture to assure our readers, that it does not fall short of that lively, yet learned, manner in which Dr. Delaney knows so well how to treat the most important and abstruse subjects. It was said of a great actor, that he could please even the blind and the deaf; the former by the justness and harmony of his speaking; and the latter by the gracefullest and variety of his movements. The man who hunts for entertainment only, and he who reads for instruction, will be equally pleased.

pleased with the work before us; and every one who reads it with that goodness of heart without which all reading is always unprofitable, and sometimes hurtful, will rise, from it, not more delighted than edified.

The doctor concluded his second volume with examining and justifying certain revelations that happened after the flood, viz. That of the command given to Abraham to sacrifice his son; the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; the divine institution of circumcision; the predictions relating to Ishmael, and the confusion of Babel. The volume before us opens with an introductory discourse, in which the author considers the relation between the Creator and man in a parental and filial sense; and shews that God, as a Father, assisted the weakness, and supplied the wants, of human reason; and that man, as a child, had, in some sense, a right to call upon God for revelation.

The subject of the first volume is then resumed. Our author had there proved that, at least, five revelations were necessary to be made to Adam, in Paradise; 1st, The nature of animal food; 2d, The nature of marriage; 3d, Of the creatures; 4th, His dominion of them; and, 5th, Language. He then proceeds to consider a sixth revelation then made, viz. That of the Sabbath, in the words, "And God blessed the Seventh Day, and hallowed it." The doctor then answers some objections of Infidels to the wisdom and goodness of God, for making man irregular, erroneous, and prone to evil; and this he does in the following plain, but rational and entertaining, manner.

* That man was made upright, appeareth clearly from the character of his Maker; as well as from the first chapter of Genesis, where we are told, that God made him *after his own image*:—and that he soon sought out inventions, that is, searched to find how he could be better than God had made him, appeareth also from the third chapter of the same book, where the text telleth us, that, upon the serpent's tempting Eve to eat of the forbidden tree,—*She seeing it a tree to be desired, to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband, with her, and he did eat.*

* This was their first invention, or device, to become wiser than God had made them: and whoever knows any thing of the history of the world, cannot but know that they have been pursuing their own inventions to the same end from that day to this; always endeavouring to become wiser than God made them; not by means of his appointment, but quite the contrary.

* But alas! to what purpose to argue from the writings of Moses, with men who deny their authority, and are
not

not ashamed to turn the history of the fall into rude ridicule?

‘ I own, to little purpose; unless they will be so gracious, and so polite, as to treat the character of God with as much respect as they would that of any artist of eminence.

‘ Now suppose a celebrated connoisseur should produce a watch of Tompion’s in a large company, a watch confessedly the work of his best days, and cry out at the same time, Is this your boasted *Tompion*! Most certainly, either this was not his work, or there never was a greater bungler.—See here his *chef d’œuvre*—Who ever saw a kitchen-jack, made by a common blacksmith, that goes worse?

‘ Give me leave to imagine, I hear a plain man, well skilled in mechanics, make this answer.

‘ Sir, indeed I never had the happiness of any intimacy with Mr. Tompion, but I am well acquainted with his works; and I find by inspecting, with a little attention, that this you produce hath many marks of his masterly hand; but I am satisfied, from many clear proofs, from the marks of violence and the great defects I observe in it, that it is not now as it came from him; and besides, I have heard the history of this watch from a man of great credit, who declares, that the person for whom it was made, notwithstanding the strict caution and charge given him, how to conduct it, and what carefully to avoid, in relation to it, under the severest penalty, yet despised all the caution and charge given him; and put it into the hands, and submitted it to the direction of its maker’s worst enemy; who, under the colour of great kindness, and a false and delusive pretence of endowing the spring with new, and nobler powers, refining the movements, and making the whole incomparably better than it was before, in reality contrived to spoil the work, by destroying the exquisite poise, and masterly adjustment of the parts, to one another; yet pretending to prove, at the same time, by ocular demonstration, (such was his dexterity in deceiving) that the means he recommended had made a much inferior piece of work, which he then produced, much more excellent than ever it had been before. Whereas the work he vaunted for his own was in truth a master-piece of a nobler artist, very cunningly disguised. The consequence was, that from the moment he got it into his hands, it hath never gone well, nor was it in any degree comparable to what it was before; but is, ever since, subject to great errors, obstructions, and inequalities. And therefore, I beseech you, let neither the mastery of the artist, nor the honesty of the relater of this unhappy accident, suffer in your judgement from the sad disordered condition in which you find the work at present. -

‘ The

‘ The candid reader will, I hope, do as much honour to the skill of the Divine Artificer (on this occasion), and give as much credit to the great historian of the creation and fall of Adam, as he would to the apology of this plain mechanic, in defence of Mr. Tompion, and I desire no more.’

We are next presented with an Essay on the natural advantages of the Sabbath, which are considered as being two-fold, bodily and mental. On this subject we are of opinion, that the doctor has, abstractedly from the powers of divine revelation, been very happy in proving the wisdom and humanity of this institution upon physical, as well as moral, principles.

The second chapter of this volume treats of the blessings delivered to the world through Abraham, in so agreeable a manner, that the reader cannot help wishing himself one of that patriarch’s family; and waisted back to those fields of knowledge, and fountains of wisdom, that adorned and fertilized the world in the primitive ages. The Doctor has even endeavoured, with great shew of probability, at least, to prove Abraham to have been the father of letters. He thinks that there can be no doubt of Brama, from whom the Bramins take their appellation, and Abram are the same, and that he was the great reservoir of human wisdom, which sent forth its ducts through all the nations of the East.

The third chapter considers God’s blessing to Abraham as continued to his son Isaac. The doctor proves that Isaac inherited the piety of his father, and that the blessing was continued to him; and this from four great characters of piety which were in common to both, but particularly the faith and piety of Isaac, who, though a young man, in the flower of his age, submitted to be bound for a sacrifice by his father, who was a very old man. In answer to the infidel objections to the accounts of the divine interpositions in the affairs of men, our author, with great propriety, introduces Socrates in the Phædo and in Xenophon as arguing for faith and revelation. He likewise brings Maximus Tyrius, who was a follower of Plato, as an advocate for the same doctrines.

‘ But were,’ continues the Doctor, ‘ this fine reasoning and exalted philosopher fully acquainted with the ideas the Scriptures give us of this world, and of human life;—the world a wilderness, and men sojourners and travellers through it: pilgrims to a better country; with seas, and rocks, and rivers,—deserts, and wilds, and forests, in their way; and these too infested by pirates, robbers, and beasts of prey.—Would any man of common humanity risque the life and happiness of his son, by sending him to traverse such a scene, alone, as Adam was sent into the world, without either guard or guide? Suppose

pose him as well informed, and fitted for the work, as science could make him—Suppose him well skilled in the position of the stars, and points of the compass; the longitude and latitude of places; the extent and temperament of the several zones and climates, the better to enable him to shape his course, and procure his best conveniencies.—Of what use would all this be to him, were he left unaided, and undirected in all other respects; without so much as a Mercury or a friendly hand, to point out the way? Nay, were he supplied with all these likewise, doth not geography inform us, that men sometimes meet with most intense cold under the torrid zone? And, perhaps, future enquiries find equal degrees of heat under the poles, where some vulcanos are already found. And do not men sometimes meet with interruptions and disappointments, from unforeseen accident:—From clouds, and rains, and winds; which either hide, or interrupt their ways, or baffle their pursuits.—Would to God that those who plead so loudly for the self-sufficiency of human abilities, would revolve these points, with all the candour and humility that becomes them.

After this follows an essay attempting to shew that Socrates was a kind of prophet to the Gentiles; and divine inspiration not confined to the Jewish nation. All we shall say of this curious essay is, that, if it should fail in convincing, it cannot fail of pleasing the reader by the uncommon strictures it contains. The thread of sacred revelation is then resumed, and we think conducted with great judgment in the continuance of the divine blessings to Jacob, and in an examination and defence of that patriarch's character and conduct. The fifth chapter accounts for the great principles by which God governs the animal world, in the ordinary course. The Doctor here allows instinct to be a principle, always directing rightly, yet, says he, forasmuch as it is not all-sufficient, but may sometimes fail of its purposes, we find it often aided by something of a superior nature. He then gives us a physical account of the swallows; whose art in building their nests he thinks 'appeareth to be the work of another power, more enlarged and enlightened than simple instinct, yet aiding and assisting to the attainments of its ends.'

The author next, both morally and physically, justifies the dominion of man over the brute creation, and likewise their destruction for the human diversion. He then shews that man himself is not wholly exempt from the guardian guide of instinct. This the Doctor attempts to prove by several instances, which, however, we cannot think near so conclusive as the *Στοργή*, or *storge*, which means the instinctive love of offspring, that Providence hath implanted in parents. In the sixth chapter the in-

genious manner in which the history and character of Joseph is treated and supported by authorities, modern as well as ancient, exhibits the peculiar art the Doctor has of mixing the *utile dulci*, and marrying instruction to delight. If we were to recommend a description of the antiquities of Egypt as they stand at this day, it should be our author's six chapters on this subject. It is seldom we find the fruits of curiosity rendered so nobly subservient to the proofs of revelation.

To speak our sentiments with freedom ; when the plan of this work, as contained in the three volumes, is taken altogether, a man must be dead to all sense of the moral and physical oeconomy of the world, not to think that the author has deserved highly of learning as well as religion.

ART. X. *The Death of Abel. A Sacred Poem. Written originally in the German Language. Attempted in the Stile of Milton. By the Rev. Thomas Newcombe, M. A. 8vo. Pr. 3s. Davis and Reymers.*

THE German author of the *Death of Abel* (a performance universally and deservedly admired) is greatly obliged to the ingenious Mr. Newcomb, for this poetical version of his work. Though the prose translation has a great deal of merit, as it gives us an exact idea of the design, fable, and sentiments of the original ; nothing but poetry could bestow on it that warmth of colouring, which is perhaps the most striking beauty in all poetical productions. Mr. Newcomb has already (if we are not mistaken) shewn his complete knowledge of English numbers, by a very elegant version of Mr. Harvey's *Meditations* : the same harmonious elegance of diction, and diligent attention to the original, distinguish the performance now before us.

We have scarce ever read any thing more pleasing than the hymn of Abel in the first book : the following lines are truly Miltonic.

‘ All nature celebrates the birth of day ;
And breathes to nature's God a song of praise ;
Whose voice from nothing call'd, whose goodness cheers,
Feeds, and supports each creature which he fram'd,
Join in the song ye tenants of the grove ;
Warbling, in grateful notes, Jehovah's praise.

‘ Yc

' Ye dread majestic lions, learn to pay
Homage to him, who has your voices arm'd
With wrath and terror! Let thy songs, oh man,
In the grey twilight, and the morning's dawn,
Be first to celebrate thy Maker's fame.

' Oh, let my grateful solitary lays
Acceptance find, and reach thy heavenly throne
Before each creature else; by thee inspir'd,
While ardent, and transported, I allure
All nature's sons thy glory to resound.

' How grand, and how magnificent, thy plans;
Father of mercies! Wisdom infinite,
With goodness mixt, is stamp'd on all thy views,
Where'er I look, with wonder I survey
The traces of thy bounty, shower'd around
The earth, the seas, the all-inclosing skies,
All fed and nourish'd by thy tender care;
Each ravish'd sense conveying to the soul
Beauties how exquisite! Great sov'reign power,
For ever happy in thyself, oh say
What love, what pity prompted thee to call
From nothing, from oblivion's darksome shade,
This gay creation—from his native clay,
Man, with new life and vigour to inspire,
By thee created, only to be blest.

' Hail, beauteous smiling morn! in thee I view
A lively image of that work divine
All nature's wond'rous birth! when, with its beams,
The vapours of the earth the sun removes,
And drives away night's dark and low'ring shades,
Creation, with reviving lustre, shines.
Th' Almighty speaks—and silence seems to hear
His awful voice—and from his eye retires.

' At his command unnumber'd creatures spring,
Emerging from the dust—With fluttering wings
The warbling songsters croud each tuneful grove,
Varied with richest plumes; each ravish'd ear,
And vocal wood, delighted with their strains.

' Again the earth its Maker's summons hears,
And see the heaving clods with breath inspir'd,
And bursting into life; the new form'd steed
O'er the green verdant turf, exulting, bounds,
Shaking his flowing mane—the forest king,
The lordly lion, paws the opening ground,
Impatient from his sides to drive away
The cumberous earth, which fearful hears his roar.

‘ What wonders yet unsung !—the mountain teems
 With numerous births, it heaves, it bursts, it moves ;
 While from its opening womb enormous springs
 Th’ unwieldy elephant, beneath whose weight,
 Shook by his feet, the trembling forest groans.

‘ These are thy works, Omnipotent ! each morn
 Thy creatures, summon’d from their couch, awake,
 Replenish’d with the bounty, which thy hand
 Pours out in rich abundance from thy sky
 On every creature ; with their varied songs
 Of melody, great Power, who chaunt thy praise.’

Ovid’s description of the golden age is not, perhaps, more poetical than this :

‘ Thus man was blest ; thus pure his chaste delights ;
 Lavish the earth her bounteous gifts bestow’d,
 Brac’d his strong arm, and fitted him to bear
 The toils of active life—what nature crav’d,
 Was what alone he wish’d ; his heaven implor’d
 For nought but health and virtue ; discontent
 And luxury were vices then unknown ;
 His breast not tortur’d yet with wild desires,
 Or dread of future want ; which fancy draws
 In dreadful colours. Man then never chose
 To whelm and bury happiness beneath
 A load of splendid miseries and woes ;
 An union then of hearts did firmly bind
 And knit the nuptial tye ; no anxious fear,
 No wailing poverty, or pale despair,
 Nor yet a tyrant parent’s angry frown ;
 No low ambition, or the sordid aim
 At wealth, and golden treasures, long detain’d
 The blushing virgin from the folding arms
 Of the dear youth, she panted to enjoy.
 These, these, oh luxury ! we owe to thee.’

The dreadful situation of Cain, after the death of Abel, and the joy expressed by the demon Anamelek, are finely described by Mr. Newcomb : but the finest parts of this excellent poem are, in our opinion, the lamentations of Eve and Thirza, over the body of Abel.

‘ Death has now rescued thee from grief and pain,
 And all life’s miseries, to weep no more
 Those sufferings, which thy mournful parents feel.
 Our joy how cordial, could we both lay down

Our

Our sorrows in thy grave—Can I restrain
The tears a mother sheds, when I recal
Thy piety and virtue to my mind,
Thy pure and filial love?—alas, how chang'd!
A spectacle of horror! Oh behold
The ghastly body! Where are now those smiles,
The tender emanations of thy love,
On thy pleas'd countenance so lately seen?
How pale thy cheeks, with blood now cover'd o'er,
Shed by a brother's hand!—We now no more
Hear the seraphic music of thy tongue,
Lifting our souls to God; no more enjoy
Thy heavenly converse, while thy tongue reveal'd
The soft sensations of thy guiltless heart.
Those eyes now fix'd in death, with what delight,
How often have I seen 'em shedding tears
Of gladness, when a mother's lips had breath'd
Her blessing on thee! Oft was my heart warm'd
And ravis'd with a sense and raptur'd view
Of all thy godlike virtues!—

—— ——— ——— 'Each pleasing scene,
Which once inspir'd delight, serves only now
To aggravate my woes—Ye shady bowers,
Which now are desolate; instead of joy,
You but augment my tears. Methinks I hear
You call for him, who, in your cool retreats,
So oft embrac'd me in his raptur'd arms.
Each murmuring fountain kindly will enquire,
Why absent, my belov'd?—While I, forlorn,
Am destin'd to enjoy his smiles no more:
The shades, the hills, the streams, and verdant fields,
All, all to me are hateful, while I view
His presence with a fond delight no more
Who made those scenes delightful!—

'Fancy will still present him to my eye,
But, sad distressing object, ah how chang'd!
His livid cheeks I trembling shall behold;
His eyes now clos'd in death, his clotted gore,
And, ah, more frightful still, his ghastly wound!

'Flow then my tears, for ever let your streams
Bedew these cheeks—What dignity appear'd
Once in those faded looks! what lively charms
Of soft persuasion from those lips were breath'd,
Now frozen up by death?—Each beauty smil'd,
Each mild and winning grace how lately shone

In his fair matchless form—But oh! his soul,
 Too pure to dwell with mortals here below,
 To me is lost for ever; flow my eyes,
 For ever flow, and ceaseless drop your tears
 On his pale withered corse, till my sad soul
 Mingles my ashes with his lifeless dust.*

————— * All my soft repose,
 My every joy, my comfort, lies beneath
 This earth, which now imbibes a widow's tears.
 My eyelids, balmy sleep forgets to close,
 Each consolation banish'd from my heart.
 Flow on my gushing tears, oh! never cease;
 My plaintive hours shall ever be employ'd,
 From morn to eve, to hang o'er thy remains,
 Weeping in gloomy sadness at thy tomb,
 And shed my sorrows trickling on thy dust.—
 Since death, I own, I have beheld thee rob'd
 In heavenly glory—Yet am I depriv'd
 Of thy sweet converse, thy endearing smiles,
 Thy tenderness and love—the future scenes
 Of life sad scenes of bitterness and woe.
 In vain, upon our nuptial couch, I strove
 To court a moment's rest—which nature crav'd;
 While the sweet pledge of our chaste wedded love
 In the soft arms of sleep, close by my side,
 Smil'd in his guiltless slumbers—how unknown
 To him, as yet, to what amazing woes
 Mankind is born!—a stranger to his own
 Irreparable loss, thy death has doom'd
 An orphan to bewail—How do I feel,
 Sweet babe, thy sufferings, who art now depriv'd
 Of a kind tender father, thy best guide
 In youth, thy fond instructor when arrived
 To a maturer age! Thy mother, see,
 A prey to keen distress, by piercing pangs
 And anguish rent, depriv'd, alas! of power
 And wisdom to instruct thee, to supply
 Thy loss by a dear parent's death sustain'd.*

Some few verses * (which we suppose escaped Mr. Newcomb's notice) are not quite perfect with regard to the measure, a
 flight

* Some a foot too long, others a foot too short.

* Cain mean while approach'd the shady bower.*

* Remov'd

slight error, which may easily be corrected in the next edition. Upon the whole, the Death of Abel is a charming poem, and as such we recommend it to the perusal of our readers.

ART. XI. *Poems and Translations by Francis Hoyland, A. B. 4to.*
Pr. 2s. Bristow.

MR. Hoyland's poems may be ranked amongst those numerous modern productions which being written *in vitâ Minervâ*, are read, and perhaps admired by a few partial friends, but not having any marks of true genius to command the public favour, soon sink into oblivion. A tameness and mediocrity runs through them, which shew the author to be utterly incapable of ever rising to any degree of perfection, as he has himself observed, with more truth than poetry.

'Persuasive mild, pure numbers steal the heart,
But few the masters of this heavenly art.

Very few, indeed; and most certain it is, that Mr. Hoyland is not *one* of them. His translation of the Cyclops of Theocritus is very indifferent, as our readers will see by the following quotations.

'Say, Galatea, say my lovely maid,
Why thus with scorn are all my vows repaid?
Thy skin is whiter than the whitest cheese,
And softer than the lambkin's downy fleece.'

Cheese and *Fleece* are but poor rhymes: perhaps, indeed, this may be an error of the press, and instead of *Fleece* we should read *Fleas*. Polypheme's description of himself is most unpoe-
tically disgusting.

'One black continued arch from ear to ear
My eye-brow spreads, horrid with shaggy hair;
And stern the ball that solitary glows
Amid my front; and flat and large my nose.'

'Remov'd us from the pleasing view.'

'Presented to our soul, was smiling—no remorse.'

'Affliction's smile now temper'd the stern
Countenance of Cain, who mildly thus reply'd.'

'Of thy despairing Thirza—then rashly.'

'Had I my beloved, at thy departure.'

What think you, gentle readers, of this *stern ball* that *glows* amid a *front*? Is not it a most pompous description of Polypheme's one eye? But then, to make his mistress amends,

'For thee twelve pregnant does I feed with care;
For thee four cubs I ravish'd from the bear;'

A pretty recommendation to a fair lady.

'Beside the tuneful pipe I handle well,
And all th' harmonious family excel:'

We wish we could say as much for the translator of Theocritus; especially when he cries out,

'O, quit the waves, and, list'ning to my lays,
Forget thy pearly grotts, and native seas!
Like me, for thy sweet sake who pining sit,
Move not, nor mark the minutes as they fleet.
Together we will tend the fleecy breed,
Together milk them, and together feed,
The dripping cheese with hands united press,
Or mix the rennet with the curdling mass.
My mother most I blame; who daily sees
My care-worn limbs consuming by degrees,
And never (O unkind!) by pity won,
Spoke once in favour of her dying son;
But with dissembled woes I'll wound her ear,
'Till she shall all my real anguish share.'

Observe the rhymes, *lays* and *seas*; *sit* and *fleet*; *press* and *mass*; *ear* and *share*. Our author's verses on the death of a notorious bawd, which are in the burlesque stile, have some humour in them.

'Moll King's no more!—Prepare, ye fiends below!
To make your fires with ten-fold ardour glow;
Heap on the sulphur blew, and bid the bellows blow.
Moll King's no more!—malignant fame around,
With raven voice, proclaims the dismal sound:
Each batter'd Templar, smit with boding fears,
Her flapping pinions at his casement hears,
And, wildly starting, drops the lifted dose,
His slacken'd fingers trembling for his nose.
Nor less the melancholy tidings shock
Th' aspiring soul of salutif'rous Rock,
Tho' high exalted in his chariot bright,
Like Phebus, god of physic and of light:

And

And well her tragic fate may wound his soul,
Whose orgies taught his rapid wheels to roll.
Ev'n * * * heaves a momentary sigh,
Chill'd with the view of grim mortality,
And mimic roses fade beneath her streaming eye.

' From Covent-Garden, late her lov'd resort,
Now Venus seeks the soft Idalian court :
Her harness'd doves with plaintive cooings bear
The frantic goddess thro' the murm'ring air :
Th' attending Cupids, answ'ring groan for groan,
Deplore their laughter-loving priestesses gone.

' Tho' Syphilis, dread pow'r, has seiz'd her breath,
Her fame still triumphs o'er the darts of death :
Around her grave, by blushing Cynthia's ray,
Lascivious Pan, and frolick satyrs play :
Brisk flutt'ring sparrows chirp and bill around ;
And toads engender on the tainted ground :
There hot Eringoes rise ; whose mystic root
(Like Moly, tasted by th'enchantèd brute)
To wither'd looks, so hateful to the fair,
Restores a youthful grace, and sprightly air ;
No longer Impotence his palsy mourns,
But wond'ring cuckolds shed their beastly horns.'

Mr. Hoyland has enriched his little collection with a very pretty copy of verses by Mr. Foster on the birth of the Prince of Wales, and four psalms by Mr. Cayley, which, we are told in an advertisement, are offered to the public as a specimen of an intended new version, for the use of churches. We shall give our readers a short extract from one of them, the 104th.

' Arise, my soul, in hallow'd lays !
Arise, the King of heav'n to praise !—
My God, thy glories shine
In never-fading beauty bright :
How art thou rob'd in radiant light,
And majesty divine !

He, as a curtain, stretch'd on high
The vast cerulean canopy,
And gave with fires to glow :
'Twas He, tremendous Potentate,
Built on the waves his hall of state,
Wide as the waters flow.

He walks upon the wings of wind,
And leaves the rapid storms behind :
Their Monarch's awful will

Seraphs

Seraphs await in dread suspense ;
 And, swifter than the light'ning's glance,
 His mighty word fulfill.

Earth's base he deeply laid, to bear
 The shocks of elemental war,
 While time itself shall last ;
 He bade to move the vast profound,
 And o'er the solid mass around
 A liquid mantle cast.

At thy rebuke the tides recede,
 Each growing hill upheaves it's head,
 From the deep gulph below ;
 The thunder of thy voice they hear,
 And to their caverns, smit with fear,
 Precipitately flow.

Now up the hills they lab'ring creep ;
 Now down the vales tumultuous sweep ;
 For such is thy command :
 Their tyrant rage thy wisdom bounds,
 Left, madly rushing o'er their mounds,
 They whelm the ruin'd land.'

If the whole version be equal to the specimens here given, the public will be greatly obliged to the ingenious Mr. Cayley, and we doubt not will receive it with that applause which it seems to deserve.

ART. XII. *The State Letters of Henry Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, during the Reign of King James the Second : And his Lordship's Diary for the Years 1687, 1688, 1689, and 1690. From the Originals in the Possession of Richard Powney, Esq. With an Appendix from Archbishop Sancroft's Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library. In two Vols. 4to. Pr. 1l. 11s. 6d. Millar.*

BY what family accidents or inconveniencies the letters and papers before us came into the possession of Richard Powney, Esq. or his ancestors, is not here material to examine. It is sufficient for us to say, that they are authentic so far as we can possibly judge. We cannot, however, help reflecting on a common saying *Filius ante patrem*, and should have been much better pleased to have congratulated our country on the publication of the papers left by the great earl of Clarendon, father to the

the noble author of the papers before us. We are no strangers that such papers exist, and perhaps there is no country in Europe, excepting Great Britain, that would not have been proud of having so valuable a treasure communicated to the world.

Edward, whom we shall call the Great, earl of Clarendon, had originally but a narrow fortune, nor, from some circumstances, attending the papers before us, do we imagine that it was greatly bettered by his son, notwithstanding the high connections he had with the royal family, and the important places he held. This publication is a striking evidence of the goodness of the second earl's heart, and a proof of the strength of his parts. The preface is sensible, accurate and entertaining. We have, however, some private reasons for thinking that the great earl of Clarendon's parental affection made him overlook some youthful slips of his son, when he acted as his secretary and decypherer; for it is certain that the chancellor's secrets were not always concealed from his enemies. Perhaps it may amaze the reader to know that those enemies were the friends of the king, and yet that they hated the chancellor worse than they did Cromwell. The second earl of Clarendon, author of the papers before us, was early initiated into business by his father, and, though not taken notice of by the editor of these papers, he sometimes not only decyphered but transcribed his father's correspondence, when the hand was too crabbed. 'It is, says the preface, an additional honour to the noble person whose remains are now made public, that the confidence reposed in him before the restoration was never afterwards withdrawn, but *he continued to be the person whom his father trusted most.*—It might have been alledged, perhaps, that the prime minister of the banished Charles (whose indigent court scarcely subsisted with decency on the begging privy seals that were circulated throughout England, and on a scanty and ill paid pension furnished by Spain) did not employ his son in his secret correspondence from choice, on observing him possessed of talents, suitable to that trust, but from mere inability to defray the expence of an able and more aged secretary. But, surely, Clarendon, no longer starving with his master at Cologne and Brussels, but directing the cabinet at London in the happier and more affluent times that succeeded, at the restoration, could have no motive for *continuing to trust his own son most*, but the well-grounded remarks he had made on his character; and a conviction confirmed by a trial and experience of several years, that amongst the numerous dependants and friends who now surrounded him and shared his prosperity, no person could be found better qualified to assist him, in his most secret and important business. And that this great minister continued thus to distinguish his son, as Burnet assures

assures us, I find remarkably is confirmed by most authentic proofs. The original letters that passed between the lord chancellor Clarendon, and the *surintendant* Fouquet, are now before me; and upon examining these valuable MSS, I find that even this negociation, a negociation concealed from ministers and ambassadors, and carried on with such secrecy that Fouquet *desired that the chancellor would always write with his own hand in English*, was intrusted to Mr. Henry Hyde.'

With due deference to the editor, we have some reason to believe that the court of the banished Charles was far from being in the indigent circumstances he represents. What has become of lord Jermyne and Sir Stephen Fox's original accounts, which were all audited by the chancellor? are they not in possession of this editor, and do they give us any idea of indigence?

But to return to the papers before us, they certainly are the best connected of any of the kind ever published. They exhibit most striking pictures not only of the manners of the time, and the good sense and honest sentiments of the writer, but the general judgment of the nation concerning the prince of Orange's expedition; and we cannot help saying, it does not at all appear that, when he came to England, he published any claim upon the crown; a circumstance of which the Jacobites afterwards took great hold. The editor has been more solicitous than perhaps was necessary, to clear his author from some very unjust imputations, thrown upon him by bishop Burnett, whose pen, we may say, *is no slander*. The following passage gives us a lively idea of that prelate and other much greater personages concerned in the great event of the revolution. It is extracted from his Lordship's diary.

'Dec. 3. Monday. About three in the morning we took coach, and got to Sarum about seven. We alighted at the George inn, where we found the Dutch ambassador: he came hither last night. He told us, the prince of Orange was at Hindon; but knew not how long he designed to stay there, nor which way he moved; that he was going to him himself presently. We resolved to stay at Sarum to rest our horses: while we were at dinner, Mr. Heveningham came into the room, and told us, the prince staid all this day at Hindon; whereupon we went thither. Upon the way we met captain H. Bertie, Mr. W. Herbert, and some other gentlemen; who told us, the prince lodged at Berwick two miles from Hindon, a house of Sir George How's, and now inhabited by the widow of my cousin E. Hyde of Hatch. We got thither about four of the clock: here I met my son. As soon as we alighted, we waited on the prince: we found him in the room, where he dined. He received us very obligingly, and after asking us
some

some common questions of our journey, he took me into his bed-chamber ; where he talked about half an hour with me. He said, he was very glad to see me ; that my son's coming over to him was a seasonable service, and he would always remember it. He then asked me several questions—How the king came to leave Sarum so suddenly ? What was done at the meeting of the lords on Tuesday last ? When the commissioners would be with him ? And what their business was ? I found by his discourse, that the Dutch ambassador had given him pretty perfect accounts of most things. I told him, that the business of the commissioners, as far as I understood, was to agree upon ways to make the meeting of the parliament safe and easy ; that they intended to set out, as soon as they had their passes. He asked me, what was the general opinion, and what I thought of things ? I said, that, if his highness pursued his declaration, we might quickly hope to see a happy settlement. He replied, my declaration shall be punctually observed. He said, he had but little acquaintance with lord Nottingham ; but that he did a little wonder, the lords Hallifax and Godolphin came to him in this errand. I then asked him, when he went from this place ? He said he would go tomorrow to Sarum, and stay one day there. The prince then called for H. Capell ; and I took my leave. Hearing Dr. Burnett was in the house, I went to his chamber : he had taken physic. He seemed very glad to see me ; and, when he had enquired a little after all his acquaintance, he presently fell to discourse (after his usual manner) of the public affairs. What, said he, can be the meaning of the king's sending these commissioners ? I told him to adjust matters for the safe and easy meeting of the parliament. He replied, how can a parliament meet, now the kingdom is in this confusion ; all the west being possessed by the prince's forces, and all the north being in arms for him ? I said, if the prince pursued his declaration, and there were no other design than to settle things upon the right foundation, we might quickly hope for a composure ; that the king had made a great step towards it in calling a parliament, and sending commissioners to the prince. The Dr. with his usual warmth, answered, it is impossible ; there can be no parliament ; there must be no parliament ; it is impossible. And so I left him. In the dining-room I met my lord Churchill. I told him, what the king had told the lords of his lordship's design to deliver his majesty to the prince of Orange, if he had gone to Warminster. He denied it with many protestations, saying that he would never be ungrateful to the king ; that he would venture his life in defence of his person ; and that he had never left him, but that he saw, our religion and country were in danger of being destroyed. He then
asked

asked me, when the princess left the Cockpit? I told him: he said, he wondered, she went not sooner. By this time Sir H. Capell came from the prince; and, it being pretty late, my son carried us to Hindon, where he got us a couple of rooms in the inn set out for himself. The prince of Denmark was quartered at Hatch.

On the 5th and 6th of December his lordship gives us a very genuine and picturesque description of that prelate's temper and disposition. 'I visited, says he, Dr. Burnett. He told me, the prince of Orange came over full of kind inclination towards me; that my behaviour in Ireland had gained me an universal esteem; and therefore I might depend upon the prince. But he must tell me very freely, the prince had a very ill opinion of my brother; and that he must not expect to be employed. I told him, I should be always very glad of the prince's good opinion; but I was surprised at this his discourse. I then told him what Bentinck had said to me at Hindon; to which he replied, that Bentinck was an old servant, was bred up with his master, and had much of his kindness; but, if it pleased God to bless the prince, Bentinck would not be in the station of a favourite minister. I said, this was very strange, to be talking, who should, and who should not be employed, as if he had the settling of those matters; that if it pleased God to give a blessing to the treaty, the king and prince would quickly be agreed; and then all would do well: upon which the Dr. interrupted me, saying in great heat, What treaty? How can there be a treaty? The sword is drawn: there is a supposititious child; which must be inquired into. He was thus walking about the room in wonderful warmth, when somebody knocked at the door to speak with him; and so I left him. Good God, what are we like to come to, if this man speaks the prince's sense? We shall have a fine reformation. In the evening I went to court; where I saw my lord Macclesfield. I presented Sir R. How, and Mr. St. John to the prince.

'*Dec. 6. Thursday.* In the morning Dr. Burnett made me a visit. He was very calm at first, and told me, he was sorry to find, there was a suspicion, as if I were not right in the prince's interest. I said, I did not know, what he meant by being right in his interest; that I had, as yet, discoursed with nobody who came over with the prince but himself, and therefore that none could have any suspicions of me; that his discourses, and Wildman's and Fergusan's being come over with the prince did indeed make me suspect, that other things were designed, than were pretended in the prince's declaration; which would make me look about me. I then asked him, why he behaved himself in that manner, yesterday at prayers in the cathedral,

as to make all the congregation stare at him? For when the collect for the king was saying, he rose from his knees, fate down in his stall, and made an ugly noise with his mouth. He said, he could not join in the collect for the king. I said, I was going to court; and so our conversation ended. About eleven of the clock the prince left Sarum: he is to lodge to-night at Collingborne. I and my company staid in town: we dined at the Angel. After dinner I went to the Vine; where were several of the country gentlemen: Mr. Harboard came thither to receive the 250 l. of Mr. Frenchard. It was there proposed to raise 2000 l. for the prince's service: some were for borrowing that sum upon their own securities; others, that every one should subscribe, what he would give towards that sum, and so to make it up among those that were present; and others proposed a general subscription to be sent through the whole county, for every man to give what he thought fit, without mentioning any sum in the whole. I said every man might give the prince of Orange what money he pleased out of his own purse; but it was a dangerous thing to go about raising money without act of parliament; that I would have nothing to do in it; that a parliament would quickly meet, who would provide for all public occasions: and so I left the company; who began to be weary of what had been started.'

We have selected those passages only to gratify the reader's curiosity, not because they are preferable to others in the book; but that we might not disappoint his expectation. Were we disposed to find fault, it would be with the editor's over punctuality in this publication; since with a great deal of interesting matter, we have some private particulars that we cannot think is of much consequence to the world. Upon the whole, nothing could be of more service to the history of the revolution than to see those genuine memoirs of a disinterested, conscientious, sensible, nobleman, contrasted with the like of some person of the same disposition and character in the opposite party.

ART. XIII. *An Epistle to William Hogarth.* By C. Churchill,
4to. Pr. 2s. 6d. Coote.

NEVER did Hogarth scourge vice and folly more severely than the tremendous drawcanfir, Churchill, hath in this epistle scourged the unfortunate Hogarth: all that the bitterness of resentment could dictate, or the malevolence of keenest satire inspire, is poured forth on the devoted victim. Whether the portrait, which the poet hath drawn in such lively colours, doth in every feature resemble the person for whom
it

it is designed, the world must determine; for our own parts, we are inclined to think it is rather, like Mr. Hogarth's Wilkes, a Carricature : and that the excellent artist is by no means so contemptible a character as he is here represented; but let us hear part of the charge, which is exhibited against him.

‘ Canst Thou remember from thy earliest youth,
And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
A single instance, where, Self laid aside,
And Justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'st Genius view,
And give to Merit what was Merit's due ?
Genius and Merit are a sure offence,
And thy soul sickens at the name of Sense ?
Is any one so foolish to succeed,
On Envy's altar, he is doom'd to bleed ?
Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of Executioner supplies.
See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest.’

The original cause, which drew down this poetical vengeance of Churchill on the head of Hogarth is not forgotten by our angry Satyrist.

‘ When that Great Charter, which our Fathers bought
With their best blood, was into question brought ;
When, big with ruin, o'er each English head
Vile Slav'ry hung suspended by a thread ;
When Liberty, all trembling and aghast,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past ;
When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till Reason pointed out that Pratt was there ;
Lurking, most Ruffian-like, behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen,
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palsied hand.
What was the cause of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour ? let them sink or swim ;
So he may gratify without countroul
The mean resentments of his selfish soul.
Let Freedom perish, if to Freedom true,
In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.

Our poet's strictures on Sigismunda will perhaps by many be thought too severe, as that picture is generally admired

mired by the connoisseurs, though it does not comprehend (except in the painter's own opinion)

Th' united force of Italy and Greece.

Mr. Churchill, however, will allow it no merit, but cries out;

' Poor Sigismunda! what a Fate is thine!
Dryden, the great High Priest of all the Nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
And in his Numbers bad thy Mem'ry live;
Gave thee those soft sensations, which might move
And warm the coldest Anchorite to Love;
Gave thee that Virtue, which could curb desire,
Refine and Consecrate Love's headstrong fire;
Gave thee those griefs, which made the Stoic feel,
And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;
Gave thee that firmness, which our Sex may shame,
And made Man bow to Woman's juster claim,
So that our tears, which from Compassion flow,
Seem'd to debase thy dignity of woe.
But O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
How much from Nature, and herself estrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To shew her feelings, and awaken our's,
Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a Dauber's hand!

But severe as Mr. Churchill is on this Dauber of Sigismunda, he has done his enemy all poetical justice in the acknowledgement of his merit as a comic painter.

' In walks of Humor, in that cast of Style
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In Comedy, thy nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly joined; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

' How could'st Thou then to Shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bad Thee shun,
Why did Ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of Fools?

By different methods diff'rent Men excell,
 But where is He, who can do all things well?
 Humour thy Province, for some monstrous crime
 Pride struck thee with the frenzy of Sublime.
 But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
 So partial be, and to herself so blind,
 What with contempt All view'd, to view with awe,
 Nor see those faults which ev'ry Blockhead saw?
 Blush, Thou vain Man, and if desire of Fame,
 Founded on real Art, thy thoughts inflame,
 'To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
 And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.

What we have given our readers from this poem is (as most of them already know) not a third part of the indictment: there is indeed rather too much said on this subject, which fills up the greater part of thirty pages, and has scarce left our redoubted satirist room to be severe on any body else: that Mr. Hogarth, however, might not to his other misfortunes add the melancholy consideration of suffering alone, the executioner has tuck'd him up with some very good company, who are occasionally introduced to keep him in countenance.

' Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
 And Piety is only known at Court;
 Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
 Beneath the fatal burthen of Excise;
 Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
 What men of humble rank would blush to name;
 Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
 Worshipp'd by those, who Justice never knew;
 Whilst Bubbles of distinction waste in play,
 'The hours of rest, and blunder thro' the day,
 With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
 Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
 Whilst Fathers, by relentless passion led,
 Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
 Merely with ill-got, ill-fav'd wealth to grace
 An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
 Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
 And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay;
 Whilst titles serves to hush a villain's fears;
 Whilst Peers are Agents made, and Agents Peers;
 Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
 And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
 Whilst C—, false to God and man for gold,
 Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,

To

To Shame his Master, Friend, and Father gives ;
Whilst Bute remains in pow'r, whilst Holland lives ;
Can Satire want a subject, where Disdain
By Virtue fir'd may point her sharpest strain,
Where, cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And Candour justify the rage of song ?

By the above quotations, our readers will perceive that this epistle is by no means inferior, with regard to its poetical merit, to the other productions of this ingenious writer : there are in it a great number of fine, spirited, and nervous lines ; together with many others that are flimsy and incorrect. The branches of Mr. Churchill's fertile imagination are so luxuriant that they stand in frequent need of lopping, and in all his performances,

erat quod tollere velles.

His genius is notwithstanding so extensive, his expressions so forcible, and his numbers, for the most part, so easy and harmonious, that when, from age and experience, he has learned what Pope calls,

The last and greatest art, the art to blot :

he will, probably, be one day ranked amongst the first poets of this nation.

ART. XIV. *The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politicks, and Literature, of the Year 1762.* 8vo. Pr. 5s. Doddsley.

WE take this opportunity both to commend and to recommend this work, which is many degrees better than a compilation. The first part of it, which contains the history of the late war, is judicious, candid, and elegant. The reader will here find the great question, concerning the last peace, stated more truly and accurately than in any work we know of ; and happy would it be for this country, did all our political writers possess the same spirit of impartiality, and clearness of apprehension, that characterize the author.

With regard to the chronicle, which follows the above history, it is a judicious extract of the occurrences of the year, free from the absurdities and contradictions of daily or even monthly compilations. The matters of amusement, extraordinary occurrences, and curiosity, as well as the state papers, are selected with great judgment and accuracy. We shall here just mention

the article which contains De Bougainville's letter to Mr. Pitt, secretary of state, with the epitaph upon Montcalm, the French general at Canada; and which we cannot help wishing had not appeared in an English collection. Our minister, it is true, pronounces this epitaph to be *perfectly beautiful*. We believe the French pique themselves on a discovery of one of their poets, who says, That truth alone is beauty. Perhaps, upon an accurate review, this epitaph will be found deficient in the truth both of style and fact. It would be difficult, in point of latinity, to justify the perfect beauty of the epithet *dux industrius*, or, in point of fact, to prove that Montcalm was a *victor mansuetus*; for, if we are to believe the English memoirs of those times, he was a barbarian, cruel, faithless, and unfeeling to all the English, who had the misfortune to fall under his power, and (if we mistake not) it will appear so from some facts inserted in the very collection before us. To give a brave enemy his due is generous and noble; but the epitaph before us reflects upon our own country.

Amongst the pieces that follow in this collection, we find a head reserved for characters; a species of reading, which, when candidly and judiciously handled, is of all others the most amusing and improving to our reflective faculties. The life of the late duke of Orleans is new to this part of the world, and indeed a prodigy, which, though existing in our own days, has hardly been taken notice of; at least not in the English language. We little suspected him for one of the greatest critics of his age in Greek and Hebrew. Next we are entertained with memoirs of the life of the late Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, lord bishop of Winchester. Then follows some account of the late Dr. Thomas Sherlock, bishop of London.—Some account of the late Henry Fielding, Esq;—An account of the life of Ariosto, the famous Italian poet.—The life of Inigo Jones, extracted from Mr. Walpole's anecdotes of painters.—The memoirs of M. d'Ensenada.—Those of count Zinzendorff; and an authentic conversation between the king of Prussia, and the ingenious Mr. Gellert, professor of Belles Lettres at Leipzig, Jan. 27, 1761. We wish, in honour to that great monarch, that our collector had omitted this conversation, which, on his majesty's part, is, in more senses than one, illiberal. He prescribes riding and rhubarb for the doctor; he upbraids him with his poverty; and he asks him the stale question, whether Homer or Virgil was the best epic poet? After that, he plays him about like a puppet; and commends him for telling a dull fable, which has in it neither truth, meaning, nor moral. After which, he dismisses him, paying the professor in his own coin, that of criticism. Who can, without indignation,

indignation, read so impudent a libel, as the account of this conversation is upon a crowned head. Is it to be imagined, that his Prussian majesty could entertain himself at the expence of modest, yet indigent merit, and send it away unrelieved? Some account of the late Richard Nash, Esq; succeeds; and then appears a short character of the earl of Wharton, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, by Dr. Swift, with several other articles, as interesting to learning as they are to curiosity.

The head of natural history next succeeds, and is replete with so many important particulars, that we must refer the reader to the collection itself. The like may be said of the articles under the title, Projects and Antiquities, Literary and Miscellaneous Essays. That of Poetry yields to none of the other articles; and the volume concludes with an account of books for 1762, which we cannot be so partial to ourselves as not to recommend.

Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 15. *The Liturgy of the Church of England, in its ordinary Service, reduced nearer to the Standard of Scripture. To which are prefixed, Reasons for the proposed Alterations, humbly recommended to public Consideration, and more particularly to those Noblemen and Gentlemen who have Chapels appropriated for divine Service. Revised and published by the Author of the Appeal to the Common Sense of all Christian People, &c. and the Defence of it, or the Trinitarian Controversy reviewed.* 12mo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Millar.

TO make the least innovation in religion is, by many, looked upon as presumptuous, and this seems to be the reason why the English have left their reformation imperfect; for certain it is, that many alterations and improvements might be made in their form of worship.

The editor of this work observes in his preface, that the grand objection which has been made of late years to the public service, and what seems well founded upon scripture facts, is, That some parts of it break in upon the worship established by the highest authority, namely, the express declarations of Christ and his apostles; now as our church refers all its members to this authority in the most solemn manner, if the alterations proposed are warranted by scripture, an attempt to reduce our liturgy to the standard of the sacred oracles, will, it is apprehended, be universally allowed to be highly laudable. With regard to the plan upon which this specimen of a reformed liturgy, is presented to the public, the editor informs us that it

is to offer up our usual and stated devotions to the one God and Father of all, in the name of Jesus Christ, with some few short addresses to the latter as Mediator and Redeemer.

We are farther told, in page 5th of the preface, that the gross worship of three persons and one God, seemed to be absolutely given up in point of argument; and therefore, in the opinion of the editor, requires an immediate alteration. This appears to us to be throwing off the mask, and discovering the sectary in the reformer; for an author who expresses himself in this manner, must have adopted the dogmas either of the Arians or Socinians. The editor farther discovers his own principles, and those of the author whose book he ushers into the world, by advancing that officiating ministers should be indulged the liberty of either using or laying aside the Athanasian parts, which, he observes, would occasion no disturbance even in war time. But this would, in our opinion, be authorising schism, and could hardly fail to give rise to one, as the using or omitting those parts would not fail to be made the distinction of a party.

With regard to the other alterations proposed by this author, we cannot but acknowledge their propriety. The frequent repetition of the Lord's Prayer, and the tautology at the end of the Litany, are certainly contrary to scripture, as it is evident from these words of our Saviour, in Matth. vi. 7. 'When you pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathens do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking.'

The doxology used at the end of every psalm, should likewise, in our opinion, be omitted, as it was first introduced by a decree of pope Damasus. We likewise agree with the editor in what he says upon forms and free prayer; a toleration of both these methods would well become all Christian communities, as mutual indulgence in these cases would greatly contribute to promote peace, love, and charity. To conclude, we cannot but approve of this author's design in general, though he appears to us in one respect, namely, in endeavouring to abolish the Athanasian parts of the service, to act the part of an innovator, and not of a reformer, by attempting to revive and propagate the errors of Arius or Socinus.

Art. 16. *Pug's Reply to Parson Bruin. Or, A Polemical Conference occasioned by an Epistle to William Hogarth, Esq. by C. Churchill.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Cooke.

Whenever any contest arises that has the good fortune to engage the public attention, there are always a set of puny wittlings, who, from the love of fame, or want of a dinner, enter as volunteers on either side, sometimes on both, in consequence of which

which out come a heap of catch-penny pamphlets, to amuse and divert this our pamphlet-loving age. The squib now before us is one of those literary mushrooms, sprung up from the hot-bed of controversy between Hogarth and Churchill; and of all the poor pretences to wit and humour, which we have lately met with, seems to be one of the most contemptible. It contains a pert and insipid dialogue supposed to pass between a dog and a bear, or, as the author calls them, *Serjeant Pug* and *Parson Bruin*; with a print of them by way of frontispiece.

After ten or a dozen pages filled with nonsensical abuse of each other, our ingenious *Mock-Lucian* comes to the business, which, it seems, was to criticise Churchill's poem. This he performs in a very awkward manner, and informs us of a circumstance, which is confirmed by the news-papers, viz. that Mr. Hogarth, unable as Mr. Churchill has represented him, is employing his comic powers, which are still vigorous, in defence of himself: These will certainly do his reputation more service, than employing, (if he did employ,) such scribblers as the author of this dialogue to write for him. His own pencil will indeed be a more useful weapon than the pens of half the nation.

Art. 17. *A Poetic Chronology. By a Briton. 4to. Pr. 1s.*
Luckman of Coventry.

This is a whimsical attempt to give a history of Great Britain, and her monarchs, in verse, since the union of the two crowns, under James the first. The versification is tolerable; but we can by no means think that the author has been always happy in his expression. Speaking of Charles the second, he characterises him thus,

Tho' strong in nerves—too impotent to guide
The furious helm—he gave the reins to Hyde!

King James and king William grope their way through the like poetical mists, which, in some places are too thick for us to clear up. Speaking of the latter, our author says,

'Fearing and fear'd—the king and realms unite;—
And chymic gold illumin'd—darken'd right.'

The poet then is very angry with old Sorrel for stumbling with the monarch, and entombs his majesty with the following singular eulogium, which we believe is the first of the kind that ever was applied to king William.

'Disease—by art increas'd—fond candour moan'd;—
—He dy'd—and arms, and laws, and science groan'd!'

As to the rest of this extraordinary performance, the author's intention is the best apology for its defects. He seems to be displeased with those who find fault with the piece, and finishes the whole thus.

' Thus tempests swell the sea to kiss the clouds,—
And oaks and temples bury in the floods ;—
'Till Phœbus chase the hurricanes away,
And what was chaos—is meridian day.'

Art. 18. *The New River Head. A Tale. Attempted in the manner of Mr. C. Denis. And inscribed to John Wilkes, Esq. By Robert Lloyd. 4to. Pr. 1s. Kearsley.*

This tale is so prettily told that we shall not venture to tell it over again ; for tho' it makes a very good figure in the easy versification of the author, we are afraid it would make a poor one in prose ; especially as we at a loss to comprehend its moral.

Art. 19. *Poems by Mr. Smart. 4to. Pr. 1s. Fletcher.*

A writer must be possessed of an equal portion of madness and malignity to deny Mr. Smart his praise as a poet, which we allow in its full extent. A kind of a postscript, however, annexed to these poems, calls for our notice, or rather our thanks, as Mr. Smart's own words to any *rational* reader, must more than justify the character we gave of his song to David. (See the Critical Review for April 1763, p. 324.) He is pleased to term our observation to be "stupendous impudence against the truth of Christ Jesus, who has most confidently affirmed this same David to be alive in his argument for the resurrection."

Did our criticism upon Mr. Smart's last production require any farther elucidation, we might produce the fact of his inscribing a poem to John Sherrat, Esq. and his encomiums upon one Rolt, whom the world has unanimously damned both as a poet and historian.

Art. 20. *The Battle of Epsom. A new Ballad. Folio. Pr. 1s. Williams.*

Some time ago we were told by the public papers of a meeting of the freeholders of the county of Surry, at Epsom, to consider of an address to his majesty upon the peace. The motion for the address (it seems) was evaded or postponed, no matter which, and this gave rise to the poetical explosion before us. It does not enter into the nature of our undertaking to canvass the reasons advanced by the opposers of the address ; but we have a much better opinion of their understanding than to suppose they could be any way necessary to this stupid, abusive, and unmeaning publication. People may differ in political points,
and

and when they are gentlemen, may not forfeit the esteem of one another; but we hope that no person of that character will ever call in abuse and scurrility to the assistance of his party.

Art. 21. *The Humours of Harrogate, described in a Letter to a Friend, by J. E. Published from an authentic Copy of the original Manuscript: With Notes Descriptive, Historical, Explanatory, Critical, and Hyper-critical. By Martinus Scriblerus. 4to. Pr. 1s. Pridden.*

There may be wit in this poetical epistle, but it is too profound for us to discover. The whole of it seems to allude to private characters and facts, in which the public is no way concerned.

Art. 22. *A Letter to the Author of the North Briton, in which the low Scurrilities and glaring Falshoods of that paper are detected; their Tendency towards Sedition and Rebellion exposed: and the whole illustrated with many curious Anecdotes, amongst which a striking Character of Lord Bute, and of Archibald, late Duke of Argyle. By a North Briton. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Henderson.*

These pages are the effusions of some red-hot Scotchman, or one who affects to be thought so; destitute of taste, language, literature, or information. Such madmen often hurt, but always disgrace, a party.

Art. 23. *A Letter to the Right Honourable George Grenville. 4to. Pr. 1s. 6d. Williams.*

This author may pass amongst the herd of antiministerial scribblers; for though he advances nothing new, yet he possesses abundance of glibness and effrontery. He is, however, very unfortunate in drawing the character of the right honourable gentleman to whom his letter is addressed, when he pronounces him to be the most tedious lawyer that ever called the house of commons to repose. This character, we believe in the very same words, was applied to Sir Dudley Rider, and with very great propriety. We have often ourselves heard Mr. Grenville speak in the house of commons; and though perhaps he has not the *profundum* of his brother-in-law, yet we will venture to say that his speeches, when reduced to writing, read fully as well as those of the great orator.

Art. 24. *A Letter to the Author of a Letter to the Right Honourable George Grenville. 4to. Pr. 1s. Nicoll.*

We are of opinion that this letter is but an inadequate defence of the right honourable gentleman whom it attempts to vindicate. It contains nothing more than what any man
of

of common sense may pick up by a very superficial attention to daily, evening, and weekly political papers.

Art. 25. *Letters from Mons. La V—— at London, to a Friend at Paris; during the Course of Mons. de Buffly's Negociation, in the Year 1761. Translated from the French.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. More.

These pretended letters are mere French compositions, without any character but that dull affectation of lamenting the downfall of the late minister and his friends, in the person of a Frenchman; as if they had been the best friends to his country.

Art. 26. *The Case of Colin Campbell, Esq; late Major Commandant of his Majesty's Hundredth Regiment.* 8vo.

Major Commandant Campbell, it seems, had the misfortune in Martinico to kill his captain, one M'Kaarg, who, on the face of the trial, appears to have been a worthless quarrelsome kind of a man. The major was tried by a court-martial for murder, and, though found guilty, was punished with cashierment. The purport of this pamphlet is to shew, that the court-martial did too much or too little; and, indeed, when we consider the generally received opinion of military honour, we cannot help being of the same sentiment. The reader is to take the sum of the major's case in his own words, 'I was charged, (says he) tried, and found guilty of murder; but I was not punished for it: and I was punished for a misdemeanor, of which I never was found guilty, for which I was never tried, for which I was never so much as charged.' The absurdity of the whole proceeding, we are afraid, has its foundation in the very principles of the martial law. The members of the court-martial who tried the major plainly considered themselves in a double capacity, that of jury and judge. As jurymen they find him guilty of murder, as judges they do not find this crime to be capital; and though it is not in their sentence qualified with any favourable circumstance, as to make it consistent with common-sense, (as it undoubtedly ought to have been) yet they do no more than cashier him.

Art. 27. *The Spiritual Minor, a Comedy.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Morgan.

We are not authorized from any knowledge we have of the methodist principles, to say, that this dramatical satire against them is not overcharged. The question depends upon the single fact, whether that set believes that good works are entirely unnecessary to salvation, and that, 'the greater sins we
commit,

commit, the greater glory do we give ; the mediation being rendered meritorious in proportion to the offences.' If such are the sentiments and the creed of methodism, it ought to be exterminated from civil society ; and stronger precautions taken against it than against the vending arsenic, and other poisons.

Art. 28. *The most humble and most respectful Petition of the Protestants of the Province of Languedoc, to his sacred Majesty, Lewis the Beloved. Also a pastoral Letter to the Reformed of the church of Nîmes.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Keith.

Were we to adopt Cicero's maxim of *Cbaritates omnes, patria sola complectitur*, in a literal sense, we should be apt to wish that both religious and civil liberty were entirely extinguished in France. While the French are slaves, we have nothing to fear from them ; were they free it is hard to say what might be the consequence. This nation has often reaped the benefit of their religious persecutions, and the persecuted have as often experienced the protection, benevolence, and encouragement of this nation. With regard to the pieces before us, they are good French compositions, and convey most lamentable tales ; but cannot be relished by a reader who is conversant in the eloquence of antiquity, or the *pathos* of nature.

Art. 30. *A Description of the Isle of Thanet, and particularly of the Town of Margate ; with an Account of the Accommodations provided there for Strangers ; their Manner of Bathing in the Sea, and Machines for that Purpose, their Assemblies, Amusements, and Diversions, public and private ; the Antiquities and remarkable Places to be seen on the Island, as well as on some short but pleasant Tours along the Coast of Kent ; with a Description of Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Canterbury, Rochester, Chatham, and other Places eminent for their Situation, and celebrated in Ancient History. The Whole illustrated with a correct Map of the Island, a Plan of Ramsgate-pier, and a Representation of the Machines for Bathing.* 12mo. Pr. 1s. Newbery.

Though we have some reason for believing that great part of this pamphlet is but an abridgment from a large work by a clergyman, one Mr. Lewis, and that some local reasons may have given birth to its publication, yet we most sincerely wish that the topography of all England was published in the same manner. We might then hope to see an accurate description of this kingdom arising out of that mass of matter, which a collection of such pieces would afford, however incorrect and partial they might be in some particulars. Pamphlets in the nature of that
before

before us serve another purpose ; for they are most useful Vade Mecums for strangers or travellers, who visit the places described, and this pamphlet is one of the most accurate of the kind we have seen. We therefore heartily recommend it to *our friend Mr. Newbery* to make as many collections of the same sort as he can, to bind up with his accounts of the Tower and Westminster Abbey, that we may have some more adequate ideas than we have at present of our own country. Even abridgements, such as that we speak of, would be of great public utility, by separating much uninteresting private matter, with which the few histories we have of our counties abound, from what may really be of service to literature, antiquity, and natural history, as well as personal conveniency to travellers and visitors.

Art. 30. *A few Anecdotes and Observations relating to Oliver Cromwell and his Family ; serving to rectify several Errors concerning Him, published by Nicolaus Comnenus Papadopoli, in his Historia Gymnasii Patavini. By a Member of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries, of London. 4to. Pr. 1s. Worral.*

All we learn by this pamphlet is, that Nicolaus Comnenus Papadopoli, a wrong-headed foreigner, has asserted in his history of the university of Padua that Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, was a member of that university in the year 1618, and that he studied there for two years at least ; together with a great deal of such stuff, which required no confutation. As to the anecdotes mentioned in the title, we know of none to be found in this paltry performance, but an extract which is of no kind of significancy, from the register of St. John's parish in Huntingdon, relating to the Cromwell family.

Art. 31. *The Blessings of Peace, and the Means of preserving it. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's, on Thursday, May 5, 1763. Being the Day appointed for a general Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the Peace. By Jacob Jefferson, M. A. Fellow of Queen's College. Published at the Request of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Rivington.*

If we could in the least flatter ourselves that the voice of reason would have any influence during the cabals and uproar of faction, we would recommend this very apposite and sensible discourse to the perusal of the inhabitants of this metropolis. It incontestably proves, what, we hope is no-where disputed, except within the bills of mortality, that a recluse academic is a better judge of true policy than a noisy mechanic, or an empty
retailer

retailer of grocery, whose sentiments are dictated by the mob, and whose views are circumscribed by interest.

The ingenious author briefly displays the several advantages of peace to society, and then evinces, that the continuance of this happy state entirely depends on the influence of morality and religion. And we cannot help observing, that if many of those who appear foremost in the ranks of faction were to apply themselves to the suppression of immorality, which is their peculiar province, they would be much more laudably employed than at present.

As a specimen of our author's stile, and as a useful lesson to those who will weigh circumstances dispassionately, we will give our readers the conclusion of this judicious harangue.

' To conclude ; whether the advantages of the peace are adequate or not, whether they have been over rated or under rated ; yet if we have virtue enough to improve them properly, and if the peace should be lasting, this nation will have reason to bless those who brought it about. That our virtue, or capacity of improving the advantages of peace, would, by a continuance of the war, have been encreased, we are not told. And that any peace which might have been obtained by carrying it on longer, even without any disaster, nay, with the same rapid course of success, would certainly have been lasting, I think, no one will presume to say. But I may venture to affirm, that it is very much in our own power to make this so, by suitable returns of gratitude and obedience to God for it ; by cultivating those virtues and dispositions, which are the natural preservatives of peace, and checking those passions, which are as likely to rekindle war, as either the encroaching spirit, or the ambition, of our enemies.

' May that great Being therefore, " who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people," dispose our hearts to peace and unity amongst ourselves ; to a dutiful reverence and affection to that best of princes, whom his providence has set over us ; and to a quiet, conscientious and faithful discharge of the duties of our several stations, offices and relations in life. Then shall personal integrity approve itself the natural and solid basis of national tranquility : then shall the Lord delight to " dwell among us," and bless us : then shall we be safe from our late enemies, and from all that may rise up against us ; and this our country, flourishing in peace, and enjoying plenty and prosperity under the benign influences of free government, and the salutary restraints of pure religion, " shall be to God a name of joy, a praise and an honour before all the nations of the earth."

Art. 32. *The Scripture Doctrine of Obedience to Government, enforced, In a Sermon on the First Verse of the Third Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle of Titus. By George Watson, M. A. 4to. Pr. 6d. Robson.*

By Mr. Watson's choice of his subject, Obedience to Government, it should seem that he thought the doctrine stood in need of peculiar enforcement at the present season, and that his views both in preaching and printing it were to recommend himself to the *higher powers*, probably not without some secret hopes of future preferment. The discourse itself has, however, nothing remarkable in it, being written in the old dog-trot manner of *first, secondly, and thirdly*, with all its divisions and subdivisions, which fritter the text into so many parts, as to leave no time to handle any one of them properly. Mr. Watson has chosen for his text these words: "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities, and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work."

An injunction which (he sagaciously observes) is still in full force, and every diocesan and his clergy are bound to observe it. He then proceeds, as he informs us, to discharge *his* duty in this respect

- I. By considering the apostle's words more at large.
- II. By shewing the reasons of the injunction; and,
- III. By making some remarks upon it, with an application of the doctrine.

What he calls considering the words *at large* is expeditiously done in less than two pages, which leaves him five more to give his five reasons for the apostle's injunctions; and brings him in the last place to his *application* of the doctrine.

We shall make no farther observations on this sermon than just to remark, that, in our opinion, there is not at this time any absolute necessity of cautions against sedition and disaffection, and consequently that a preacher of the gospel of Christ may employ his time better in his pulpit than in the sounding the alarm-bell, and frightening his innocent neighbours without any occasion.

Art. 33. *The Scheme, for erecting an Academy at Glasgow, set forth in its own proper Colours. In a Letter from a Society of the Inhabitants of that City, who are not yet tainted with a Taste for Literature; To their Brethren of the same Principles at Paisley. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Kincaid at Edinburgh.*

This is an ironical exposition of the traders of Glasgow and Paisley (with whom, by the bye, and their characters, we are utterly

terly unacquainted) who oppose the erection of an academy in the first-mentioned city. The author, we understand, is a young man, a plea that ought to have at least as much weight at the bar of criticism, as it sometimes has at that of justice. His humour is arch, and generally well pointed; but he is sometimes in danger of making proselytes to the doctrine he ridicules, as it is said Dr. Cudworth's work in favour of religion, makes Atheists, by the manner in which he states their arguments, without being able to answer them: Mean while, as there is an university at Glasgow, which is no other than a great academy, or rather a collection of several, we do not well comprehend what the young gentleman means by an academy in opposition to an university. If the university is not endowed with the proper funds for establishing schools for the most useful parts of academical learning, it is to be lamented; but we apprehend that if those funds were actually supplied, the direction of such schools must fall to the university. Even the universities of Oxford and Cambridge have been deficient in the above respect, and their complaints have been removed in many instances, by royal and private munificence, but still under the inspection of the university; witness the legacy lately left by a noble lord for erecting a school for riding (which undoubtedly is an academical exercise) in the university of Oxford. If an additional number of academical schools should be established at Glasgow, without being under some public direction, they would soon be in danger of dwindling to the state of those hedge academies that hang out their signs in every street and village about this metropolis, and are generally the properties of French valets, writing-masters, and old women.

Art. 34. *An Address to the People of England.* 4to. Pr. 6d. Payne.

This writer has not at all been unsuccessful in pointing out the mismanagements of one of the great national parties amongst us, but without attempting to establish the merits of the other.

Art. 35. *A Brief Explanation of the Ten Commandments, compiled from the best Authors. Together with Prayers, Collects, &c. For the Benefit of poor little Children belonging to Market-street-lane, who cannot afford to purchase a larger or more useful Work.* By Josiah Roberts, of Manchester, Merchant. 12mo. Printed by Harrop, at Manchester.

This pamphlet is pious, plain, rational, and entitles its author to the character of being a devout, sober, charitable Christian,

Christian, by fully answering the ends of its title; and might be of great use if introduced into other public charities of the same kind.

Art. 36. *The Jests of Beau Nash, late Master of the Ceremonies at Bath.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Bristow.

Several of the bon-mots and jests inserted in this collection, and ascribed to Mr. Nash, have, if we mistake not, already made their appearance in the jest-books attributed to Ben Johnson, Tom Brown, Joe Miller, &c. Indeed the pamphlet before us seems to be chiefly a compilation from former books of the same kind, eked out with a few trifling anecdotes and stories, borrowed from Mr. Nash's life, lately published.

Art. 37. *Chronicle of the Reign of Adonijah, King of Israel, translated from an Hebrew MS. By Benaiah, a Jewish Rabbi.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Moloch.

The principal intention of this contemptible allusion, is to abuse lord B——e, and to praise Mr. W——s, under the name of *Barzillai*; who is represented as a paragon of wisdom, and unconquerable patriotic virtue.

Art. 38. *A general History of Sieges and Battles, by Sea and Land, particularly such as relate to Great Britain. Including the Lives of the most celebrated Admirals, Generals, Captains, &c. With great Variety of Copper-Plates.* 12mo. 10 Vols. 15s. sewed. Curtis.

Fit to amuse children, or those who are not capable of relishing collections of a more valuable kind.

Art. 39. *An impartial History of the Late War.* 12mo. Pr. 3s. 6d. Johnson.

Seems to be written by the author of the foregoing performance, and calculated for the same set of readers.

Art. 40. *A Complete History of the Origin and Progress of the late War, from its Commencement to the Ratification of Peace, 1763. In two Vols.* 8vo. Pr. 10s. bound. Nicoll.

For a character of this *Complete History*, we refer our readers to p. 108. vol. xii. of the Critical Review.

In justice to the reader we must observe, that what the author has added, is exactly in the spirit of his first publication.

